HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. X.—No. 520.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

INTERIOR OF THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.—Photographed by L. E. Walker.—[See Page 788.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1866.

IMPEACHMENT AND GENERAL BUTLER.

A PRESIDENT of the United States should be impeached only when his guilt is so evident that the country has virtually convicted him before he is tried; or when the revelations of his secret abuse of power are so overwhelming that they carry persuasion to every mind. The reasons are obvious. An impeachment of the Executive officer in the midst of fierce political differences would necessarily produce an excitement which should not be hazarded for any but the most conclusive considerations.

There have been many rumors of an intention of impeachment at the present session. But nothing is clearer than that the country does not demand that the President shall be impeached for any thing which he is known to have done. If there are secret plots and conspiracies and hidden Executive attempts, they are yet to be exposed. If they are known, it is the duty of those who are cognizant of them to bring them to the knowledge of Congress, which would then undoubtedly and decisively act. But the general grounds upon which the proposition is made are untenable, and are so judged by the country. We are, therefore, not surprised to see that General LOGAN, who is a member of the next Congress, and who was said to be preparing articles, has expressly denied the truth of the report; and Mr. BINGHAM, of Ohio, who was declared to be ready to begin impeachment at the opening of the present session, is equally decided with General LOGAN in his denial.

General BUTLER, a member of the next Congress, is very strenuous in urging that the President ought to be arraigned. General BUTLER is a man whose great services in peculiar exigencies of the late war are undeniable. He is a man of undoubted ability and resolution, and he would probably be the last man to deny that a gentleman who should claim to be a candidate for Congress from a district in which he had taken but a summer residence will never die of modesty. As an adroit and successful jury lawyer General BUTLER's eminence is conceded; while Great Bethel and Fort Fisher and the James River campaign are willingly forgiven by the generous public heart to the military Governor who tamed rebellious New Orleans, who peremptorily hung rebels upon proper occasion, and who has not ceased to befriend the colored citizen and claim for him every where equal rights.

Yet General BUTLER does not seem to us to be the wisest national counselor at this time. He is emphatically a man for an active revolutionary epoch, the interregnum of law. In a reconstructive period like this, it is not only essential that a public counselor should be very sagacious and patient, as Mr. LINCOLN was, but that his character should inspire the fullest public confidence, as Mr. LINCOLN's did. The moment self appears, the instant that personal ambition is suspected, the power of the man is gone, and his counsel becomes merely a matter of curious observation and criticism. The people no longer recognize in him their representative, but they feel as if a clever manager were using them for his own advantage.

Now, is it doubtful that the general impression of General BUTLER is that of a shrewd man bent upon personal success, who will ride any horse that promises to bring him in? As he is reported to have said of himself, a man who voted a dozen times for JEFF DAVIS for President in the Charleston Convention of 1860 is a man who will dare any thing; and we doubt whether many officers in the service could have been found who, after the share which General BUTLER had in the closing campaign of the war, and who had been even contemptuously mentioned by the commanding General, would have gone home and made the speech which General BUTLER made at Lowell. That he is determined under all circumstances to fall upon his feet and will never say die is indisputable. But with all the popular admiration which General BUTLER's pluck naturally commands, we doubt if there be a corresponding confidence in his wisdom.

In his late speech advising impeachment the General leaned much upon the precedent of the impeachment and conviction of Judge HUMPHREYS of Tennessee for the words of a speech urging the State to secede. But even allowing that "words" may justify impeachment, is it wise to proceed upon them except in a case where the words plainly express something more than ill-temper? The President has spoken contemptuously of Congress, but he has constantly recognized its authority. Shall he be impeached for saying that he considers it an unlawful assembly if he consistently treats it as a lawful power? Is it desirable that passionate words shall suffice to impeach a President?

The other points of the General's argument seem to us as unwise and insufficient as this. All his political friends agree with him that the President is the obstruction of the situation. They agree with Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS that it is foolish to suppose that the President understands, or could understand, the principle which elected him, or the real purpose of the people. A narrow and passionate man is unquestionably a dangerous executive officer, and the country has been taught that the White House must be closely watched. But we have no right to hang an ill-favored man for murder because we fear he may pick somebody's pocket. The law must be satisfied with overt acts, or, in extreme cases, as in that of Judge HUMPHREYS, by words, when, in a quasi or actual state of war, words are effectively deeds. But that is precisely what the President's are not. He has been upon all sides of the problem of restoration. At different times Senator SUMNER and Mayor MONROE have been equally satisfied with him. His utter inconsistency convicts his intellect, but it pleads against the assumption of subtle and sinister design. General BUTLER will always make a bold and interesting speech, but he will hardly persuade the country that the President ought to be impeached at present, whatever may be the case hereafter; and we doubt if the General stands as the representative of the spirit which will compose the great difference. Not because he is radical; for the settlement will be radical; but because of a certain sensational quality which is felt not to belong to wise statesmanship.

THE TRAGEDY OF IRELAND.

NOTHING reveals the huge folly of a great people like the English, priding itself upon being practical, so plainly as the condition of Ireland. It is the one point upon which every Englishman loses his wits. Having conquered and subdued Ireland, it was the most obvious and simple duty of England to make the best of it, and she has always made the worst of it. Instead of blending the people as much as possible with the English, the British policy has always labored to keep them separate and alien. Irish trade has been enslaved; Irish industry has been oppressed; the Irish land is held by absentees, who have no love of the country and no other interest in it than their land; the Irish Catholics have had another church established among them by law; the country has been ruled by a regent; nor is it possible to name one truly wise or generous great public measure adopted by England to reconcile the people of a foreign race and religion to the supremacy of their conquerors. Ireland has consequently always been the angry thorn in the English side, and there seems to be little doubt that a fresh disturbance has either occurred in that country or is very imminent.

An armed rebellion is altogether too serious and sad a thing to be the text of a jest, or we should be inclined to ask what the London *Times* and other British newspapers mean by declaring fiercely that the rebellion in Ireland must be "stamped out." May not "a gallant and chivalrous people strike for their independence?" and is it not perfectly clear that if England undertakes to quell a rising in Ireland it is merely a struggle in which one side "is fighting for dominion and the other for independence?" But in the midst of real war such recrimination is ghastly. Nothing could be more contemptible than the British attitude toward this country during the late war, and nothing more stupid than the British reasoning and conclusions upon its causes and consequences. But that does not change the evident fact that it is desirable for civilization and humanity that an armed Irish insurrection should be suppressed. For no man can gravely imagine that if it were successful the condition of the Irish people would be improved.

Neither the moral nor intellectual nor industrial condition of the Irish people are such as promise a wise and safe government. Nor are the peculiar qualities and methods of the Irish leaders who are known to the public such as to inspire general confidence. A rising may produce untold suffering of every kind, but there can not be the organization nor the arming nor the money which can alone insure success against the whole force of the British empire, which would be relentlessly employed. He is not a true friend of Ireland or Liberty here or elsewhere who encourages Irishmen to aim at the redress of their grievances by force. The only hope of Ireland is in the great liberal party of England; and even if the Church of the Irish should be an insuperable barrier to a union of political action, yet the true liberals of England would undoubtedly pursue a policy in Ireland which would tend to heal the terrible sore.

It is high time that sensible Englishmen should understand that the judgment of the whole civilized world holds its management of Ireland in amazement and utter condemnation. Every thing generous and sagacious which England advocates is irreparably injured by her conduct toward Ireland. Can not such an intolerable preacher practice a little? Of what value is the counsel to good government of a Power which utterly and notoriously misgoverns a part of its own immediate possessions? England is dwindling in influence because of her conspicuous incapacity to grapple with her domestic problems. She is teaching all other nations to despise her, and she should take great care that she does not become despicable to her own children. The Tory youth of Oxford may vote JOHN BRIGHT to be a dangerous fellow. But while they are cultivating elaborate ecclesiastical forms, and parading in gorgeous sacred vestments, let them remember that those who cried against STEPHEN, "Stone him to death!" were the children of those who crucified his Master.

KING CORPORATION.

THE paper recently read in Boston by Mr. JOSIAH QUINCY upon the injury done to the trade and prosperity of that city by the management of the Western and Worcester railroads in Massachusetts has excited a great deal of attention every where. And this is not surprising, for the whole subject of railroad management is exciting universal attention, and the facts which Mr. QUINCY stated were very striking and instructive. The Western and Worcester railroads are the great avenue between the West and a New England sea-port, and the accommodation is so limited and the rate of transport so large that they seriously impair the practical value of the highway. The apparent interest of a virtual monopoly is always to charge the most for the least service, and to be as impervious as possible to all arguments which tend to show the necessity of constant renovation and enlargement; and, according to Mr. QUINCY, Boston is being sacrificed to this stubborn and false conservatism.

It appeared upon an examination before the Massachusetts Legislature last winter that the Worcester Railroad, which is the continuation of the Western from Worcester to Boston under another company, had not added to the number of its cars for the last fifteen years. The Worcester Road replied that it was the business of the Western Road to supply cars for the through freight. Thereupon the Western Road did not retort that it had provided the cars, but that the contract to do so could be terminated with the Worcester Road within ninety days. To this the gentleman who was giving evidence before the Committee replied that between the two roads the necessary facilities were not supplied. Mr. QUINCY's remedial suggestion is, that the State shall buy the road and lease it to the city of Boston.

This is a right reserved by the charter of the road to the State; for when the road was undertaken such enterprises were new, and their possible power, which experience has every where developed, was foreseen; and the State wisely chose to retain the final control by providing for the purchase of the road upon specific conditions. Massachusetts, indeed, has already embarked in the railroad business. It owns the Hoosac tunnel, which has already cost an enormous sum, and has some three or four miles of rock yet to pierce before the road contemplated can be built and any return received. The Hoosac Road is designed to connect Troy, in New York, with Boston, by the way of the Deerfield Valley and Greenfield, in Massachusetts. It would be a Northern line competing with the present Western, which passes through the centre of the State. Mr. QUINCY's proposition, therefore, is that the State shall be the chief railroad corporation within its own limits.

It is fairly questionable whether this is the wisest remedy. It is, however, purely a matter of experience and of public convenience. Some method must be devised of emancipating the country from the tyranny of these vast corporations. Mr. J. C. K. FORREST, in a communication to the Chicago *Times*, of which we may have hereafter something to say, remarks: "WILLIAM B. OGDEN holds the Northwest in the hollow of his hand to-day, so far as the commerce of this part of the Union is concerned. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, and one or two others, will pocket the Empire State. New Jersey was long ago bought up by Camden and Amboy, which latter institution has been the State for nearly a quarter of a century. Pennsylvania is ruled by its great Central Railroad Company—and so I might proceed *ad infinitum*." This is a truth of which the country is rapidly becoming conscious, and the political consequences are inevitable. But to substitute the State for a private Corporation seems to be merely exchanging one evil for another. The remedy is not immediately evident, but forewarned is forearmed. The difficulty is not a nut too hard for the national wit to crack.

A NECESSARY LAW.

THE peril of unbounded Executive patronage is so great, and the Constitutional provision upon the subject is so plain, that we hope there is no doubt of the regulation of the matter by precise law during the present session. Mr. TRUMBULL's bill of the last winter, or a substitute, should be again offered, and the reasons which prevented its passage then we do not believe now exist. The point to settle is, that no officer nominated by the President shall enter upon his duties except after confirmation by the Senate.

At present, if the President nominates a person and the Senate rejects him, the President has only to wait until the Senate adjourns, when he may appoint him to hold over to the end of the next session of the Senate, when he may again appoint him. In this way the intention of the Constitution is directly defeated, and the President virtually dispenses with the Senate. This is a subject which should be settled at once, nor can it demand much discussion. Every American citizen is interested in the reduction of the Executive patronage, which tends to exaggerate the Executive power to a wholly disproportionate degree. Every party is equally interested; for the defection of one man who happens to be President will throw the whole power of the Government patronage against the party which is in power, and so thwart the intention of the people.

The enormous Executive patronage is not merely a direct but an indirect power. A President who deserts his party not only rewards his late opponents, whose principles the people have repudiated in his own election, but he demoralizes the party which he leaves. This was the undoubted political intention of President JOHNSON and his advisers. They hoped to retain enough Union men in office to weaken and break the Union ranks, while they fed enough of the opposition to whet their appetite for more. The failure was signal; but the disgrace of the conspicuous office-holders who gave themselves to the work will not be forgotten, and the danger of the experiment is none the less evident.

It seems to us, also, that the tenure of many, and probably of most, of the offices might be wisely changed. There is no good patriotic reason, although those of party are as plenty as blackberries, why the term of office should not be long enough to overlap the Presidential election. This would not wholly obviate the party interest of officers in the Administration which appointed them, but it would tend constantly to weaken it, and to make honest capacity count more as a qualification for office. The difficulty with a life-tenure of public office is its tendency to indolence and inefficiency. A very honest man may be so slow and vexatious an officer that the public might demand his removal for inefficiency. But if such a petition were to be sufficient ground of removal, the party use that would be made of it is evident.

The subject requires prompt action to remedy an increasing and perilous evil.

CHICAGO TRIUMPHANT.

IT would be hard to find a more characteristic illustration of the vigor and resources of the American character than the city of Chicago. Its oldest inhabitant is yet young, while the city is one of the most important and flourishing in the country. The natural difficulties of a situation, raised but a few inches above the Lake, are evident. How shall the city be drained? How shall it secure good water? How shall it obviate the inconvenience of innumerable drawbridges across crowded thoroughfares? These were questions early encountered by Chicago, and one by one they are being answered as becomes such a city.

The last reply is the Lake tunnel. This work is intended to supply the city with pure water, and is one of the boldest, simplest, and successful of great engineering projects. The plan was to tunnel under the lake for two miles to a shaft or crib sunk from the surface at that distance from the shore. Every other effort had failed, and when this expedient was proposed, there was great doubt of its practicability even among eminent engineers. The proposals for doing the work varied from $239,548 to $6,056,000. Finally Messrs. DALL & GOWAN of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, obtained the contract for $315,139, and guaranteed success. On the 17th March, 1864, the ground was broken and the work proceeded steadily for two years and eight months. The length of the tunnel is two miles, seven feet, and a few inches; the extreme height in the centre five feet and two inches, the extreme width five feet. The actual cost of the tunnel and machinery when ready for service will be about $600,000, and its capacity will allow it to supply fifty-seven gallons a day to a million persons. The contractors, who did the work in the most conscientious manner, have lost heavily; but it is not to be supposed that the city will hesitate to reimburse them.

On Saturday night, November 24, the work from the land side had been pushed to within two feet of the outer portion. On the next Tuesday the Mayor of the city when the work was begun went with a party in a steamer to the lake end of the tunnel, and, descending the crib, made their way to the thin partition, while the present Mayor, with a party entering at the shore end, were upon the other side of the partition. At the proper moment the workmen dug the remaining earth away, and so exact was the calculation that there was but a difference of a few inches in the line of the excavations. As the parties were revealed to each other the bells of the city broke into joyful peals, the cannon thundered, and Chicago congratulated herself upon her latest triumph. The forcing machinery is not yet finished, and

the water will not be received in the city until the spring.

It is now proposed to tunnel the river at the various crossings in the city, and the experiment is already begun. At a point upon the south branch of the Chicago River, where it is one hundred and eighty feet broad, a tunnel is now building consisting of three passage-ways, the middle one for pedestrians, the two outer ones for carriages. The length will be nine hundred and forty-five feet, and the floor of the tunnel under the centre of the river will be thirty-two feet below low-water-mark. The work is to be finished in March, 1868. Should this undertaking succeed the river will be left perfectly free for navigation, and the intercourse between the different parts of the city will be entirely unimpeded.

Such works as these are matters of local convenience but of national pride. Every American is refreshed and stimulated by seeing what American genius is every where doing; and happy will be the day when, pouting and sulking no longer, the people of the Southern States shall enter upon the generous and glorious rivalries of industry and ingenuity with all other Americans.

A CHEERFUL VIEW.

FROM a private letter to a friend, not intended for publication, we make the following very interesting extract. It is a cheering word among so many that are discouraging; and it points the evident moral of the situation, that the secret of reconstruction lies in harmonious relations between all the people in the Southern States. The whole country will be agitated just as long as a vast part of the free population are virtually regarded as serfs. The letter is from Mississippi:

"I am at my old business—growing cotton. My former slaves all returned to me, and as many more. I have located them some three hundred yards away from my dwelling, where they live as happily as they please. They are tilling lands upon shares, and have worked slowly through the season. They have made fair crops, and all are well contented and expect to remain another year. I have had no trouble with them. They have been sober and obedient, and have manifested no desire to place themselves upon social equality with my family.

"I made my own private contracts with them without any Bureau aid. Not because I was prejudiced against that office, but simply because there was no such piece of furniture in the county. The country here is quiet. We have no demagogues among us, and we feel no oppression from the return to our old Union. The negro, or freedman, is a helpless, passive creature, and certainly is entitled to our commiseration and pity. Certainly I should regard it as a most heinous crime to cheat or oppress him. I am no reconstructionist, no ex-rebel. I was reared here; always owned slaves; always was opposed to the institution. Was opposed to secession, and had to leave my home and lie in swamps to keep from taking up arms; and I thank God this day that, through many sacrifices, my hand is unstained or untainted by any touch of rebel weapon. Unionism is not popular here, but there is no disturbance. In different neighborhoods very different sentiments prevail. People have gone to work in good earnest, and it would be quite a difficult matter to get them into any broil with the Government. The President is very popular here. So is Mr. SEWARD.

"Lands are cheap here, and it is a great country to make money. In fact, prosperity is rolling in on us like a flood. There will be more cotton made than our presses think. One and a half millions certainly is a minimum limit. Labor is scarce and dear. My freedmen, working as tenant laborers, do about two-thirds work, not more. They are too young in freedom yet to be fully stimulated by it.

"Excuse what I have written. It is private. Send down your working-men among us."

CAPITAL AND THE SOUTHERN STATES.

IF there are persons in the Southern States who reflect seriously upon the situation, they must see that the cardinal necessity of their present condition is the influx of capital to engage the industry and develop the resources of the whole region. That capital is ready. It expected to have been actively employed long before this, and so it would have been but for the conduct of the President, whom the disturbed States seem to consider their best friend because he has profoundly perplexed and delayed the problem of restoration. The elections have shown to the sagacious men in the South that they have been grossly mistaken. In the game of President against the People they entirely miscalculated, and have wholly lost. The only conceivable result of the President's persistency is prolonged confusion and postponement of restoration, the end of which will be prolonged sorrow and poverty to the unrestored region.

The Southern leaders who advise a sullen passivity, and their Northern allies who cry Amen, are just as foolish as they were during the war. It is one thing to retire to the magnificent solitude of a luxurious country house, but it is quite another to become an Orson out of spite and subsist on choke-berries. The leaders who advise "the South" to persist in its present attitude conveniently forget to mention the material view of the case. The theory that the States are just as well off out of the Union as in it might have an air of truth if it were affirmed of a great, solid, prosperous State like New York, in the midst of peace. But it is an evident falsehood when applied to States which have been scourged and skinned by war. For such a State to betake itself to political pouting is to try to live upon fog and the east wind. The nature of man and of society, the laws of trade and commercial welfare, remain the same, and such a state is virtually paralyzed until she renews her relation to the Union.

The reason is obvious. It is what we have already mentioned, that industry must be regular and lucrative, and all the resources of a State in process of profitable development, before the State will languish and decline. Mr. WADE HAMPTON, therefore, and all who agree with him, are just as wise as a club of stiff old Tories at the end of the Revolution, who should have sworn by all their pig-tails that they were still subjects of Great Britain. If they had undertaken government upon their colonial theory, the event would have been laughable until it was tragical. Now "the South," as a political idea which is still the dream and hope that haunts Copperheads, can not possibly revive except with the returning power of the unrepresented States. But will any philosopher suggest how that power can return without internal tranquillity and activity; how they can have either without capital; and what will tempt capital so long as Mr. WADE HAMPTON's ideas prevail?

Indeed, there is no more ridiculous figure conceivable than that very person. He is an American and a citizen of the United States. He has no other nationality, and except by expatriation can have no other; and yet he talks of his National Government, the only one he has ever known, as a foreign power, and of his geographical section of his native land as his "country." He might as sensibly call his plantation his country. So long as the counsels of so foolish a man prevail the State in which he lives will stagnate and dwindle, and not until the people of the Southern States perceive that industry and education are the true springs of prosperity, will they invite the capital, and respect and protect the labor, which can alone repair the waste of war and slavery.

MARTELLE.

THIS new parlor game possesses the attractive features of croquet, ten-pins, and billiards combined, and is easily comprehended and played. The game is got up in elegant style, and can not fail to prove a popular novelty for the approaching holidays. We believe it is to be issued as a field-game next season, and have no doubt but that it will supersede croquet.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

OPENING OF CONGRESS.

THE second session of the Thirty-ninth Congress opened December 3. The galleries of both Houses were thronged at an early hour. One hundred and forty-six members of the House were present. Six new members were sworn in: Messrs. Campbell, Arnell, and Hawkins, of Tennessee; A. H. Ward, successor to Green C. Smith; Elijah Hise, successor to Henry Grider, and General L. H. Rousseau. The last three are from Kentucky. A Committee was appointed to wait upon the President, headed by E. B. Washburne. Mr. Eliot, of Massachusetts, introduced a bill repealing the thirteenth section of the Act "To suppress rebellion, etc.," of July 17, 1862, known as the Amnesty Act, in which section power had been given to the President. As the power to pardon all offenses against the United States Government is by the Constitution expressly and solely vested in the President, it is difficult to see how this unnecessary section was ever admitted into the bill, and still more difficult to understand the meaning of repealing it—unless to show defiance of the Constitution. But the House passed Mr. Eliot's bill by a vote of 111 to 29. A resolution was adopted calling for information as to the arrest and escape of John H. Surratt. A bill was introduced and referred directing the sale of two millions of gold by the Secretary of the Treasury every Monday; also a bill for the meeting of Congress on the 4th of March. Mr. Stevens introduced a bill to regulate removals from office. It was made the special order of the day for Friday next. On motion of Mr. Lawrence, of Ohio, the Judiciary Committee was instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing a mode of procedure in cases of impeachment. The President's Message was then received. Mr. Stevens moved to postpone the reading till the next day, but the motion was lost.

The Senate was called to order by President Foster. After the presentation of credentials Messrs. Anthony and Nesmith were appointed the Committee on the part of the Senate to wait upon the President. Mr. Sumner moved to call up the Senate bill No. 1, an act to regulate the elective franchise in the District of Columbia. The motion to take up the bill was put, and decided by the Chairman to be lost. Mr. Chandler introduced a resolution calling upon the President for the following information: Whether the French Emperor has complied with his agreement to withdraw one-third of the French troops in November; whether any number of said troops has been withdrawn; whether, as it appears no troops have been withdrawn, the French Emperor has offered any explanation of his course; fourth, what action the Government has taken to have the understanding with the French Emperor carried out. The resolution went over. Mr. Sherman presented a bill to prevent the illegal appointment of officers of the United States. Mr. Williams introduced a bill to regulate the tenure of office.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The Second Annual Message of President Johnson is comparatively brief. Its temper is admirable, though unyielding. There is no evidence of a surrender on his part either to Congress or to the Northern section. He reiterates, in clear and intelligible language, the principles of Union and Representation which he has before declared to be his guide, and, without going into any long argument, he contents himself with fortifying his position by reference to the great men of the Republic in other days. While the President's views and recommendations on our home affairs are of the first importance, it is to be observed that some portions of the Message regarding foreign matters are of perhaps as great and immediate moment. The expressions used by him in reference to our relations with Great Britain are very emphatic. Our relations with France seem to depend on the answer to the protest which has been sent out.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

This document has been waited for with an interest second only to the desire to see the President's Message. It opens with the favorable statement of the relative receipts and expenses of the Government for the last fiscal year, which we have already published. It makes the decrease of the public debt during that year amount to $31,196,387, and for the succeeding four months (ending October 31, 1866), $99,114,208. The decrease of the debt from the highest point is given at $206,379,565. The Secretary thinks that, with proper economy, a reasonable deduction may be made both in direct taxes and duties on imports, and yet the whole debt be paid by the generation that created it. He assumes the sole responsibility for ordering the sales of gold, but throws any blame for favoritism or mismanagement of this business upon those who have executed his orders.

Imports into the United States for the Year ending June 30, 1866.

Dutiable merchandise	$368,508,051
Free merchandise	58,801,759
Specie	10,329,156
Total imports	$437,638,966

Exports from the United States for the same Period.

Domestic produce		$468,040,903
Foreign dutiable goods	$9,434,263	
Foreign free goods	1,907,157	11,341,420
Domestic specie	82,643,374	
Foreign specie	3,400,697	86,044,071
Total exports		$565,426,394

The Secretary estimates the amount of United States bonds in Europe at $350,000,000; State and municipal bonds at $150,000,000; and all others, including railroads, at $100,000,000—giving a total of $600,000,000.

He lays down his financial policy in five distinct propositions: 1. A central par redemption of the National Bank note currency. 2. A curtailment of the currency to the amount required by a legitimate and healthful trade. 3. A careful revision of the tariff, relieving raw materials, and removing other oppressive burdens. 4. The issue of 5 per cent. bonds, with interest payable abroad, in England and Germany, sufficient to absorb the 6 per cent. bonds now there, and to meet any foreign demand for further investment. 5. The rehabilitation of the Southern States. Each of these propositions is explained and commended by brief practical arguments.

INTERNAL REVENUE REPORT.

The aggregate receipts of internal revenue for the past three years have been:

For 1864	$117,145,748 52
" 1865	211,129,529 17
" 1866	310,906,984 17

The amounts received from several of the most important sources of revenue are herewith presented:

Banks, Trust Companies, and Savings Institutions for 1866.

Dividends and additions to surplus	$4,186,023 72
Circulation	990,328 11
Deposits	2,099,635 83
Capital	374,074 11

Salaries of persons in the service of the United States for 1866, $3,717,394 69.

Revenue Stamps, 1866—$15,044,373 18.

$1,692,791 65, gold watches and piano-fortes, were added before the annual returns were made in 1865; and in 1866 $426,557 17 were received from the former, and from the latter $403,572 27.

Licenses, 1866—$18,045,743 32.

Income, 1866—$60,894,135 85.

The whole amount received from the tax upon incomes since the passage of the law of 1862, and including the collections during the present fiscal year, already reported to this office, is $164,865,018 05.

Secretary Rollins believes that the receipts of the fiscal year 1867 will reach the sum of $285,000,000.

WAR DEPARTMENT.

Secretary Stanton reports that up to the 1st of November last 1,023,021 volunteers had been mustered out, leaving 11,043 (white and colored) in the service at that date. The present strength of the army is 54,302, including 10,000 colored troops; only 97 soldiers remained in hospital on 30th of June last.

The total expenditures of the War Department last year were $259,374,817, of which sum $205,272,324 were paid to the million of soldiers mustered out.

General Grant reports that a military force has been kept in all the lately rebellious States for the purpose of insuring the execution of law, and protecting life and property against the acts of those who, as yet, will acknowledge no law but force—a class smaller, in his opinion, than could have been expected after such a conflict as that through which we have passed, but sufficiently formidable to justify the course which had been pursued.

It is estimated that one hundred and fifty thousand freedmen and their children are now attending school in the Southern States. Schools for refugee white children are also established.

NAVY DEPARTMENT.

It is stated in the Report of the Secretary of the Navy that the naval force at this time consists of two hundred and seventy-eight vessels, armed with two thousand three hundred and fifty-one guns. Of these one hundred and fifteen vessels, carrying one thousand and twenty-nine guns, are in commission, distributed chiefly among seven squadrons. The number of men in the service is thirteen thousand six hundred. Great activity and vigilance have been displayed by all the squadrons, and their movements have been judiciously and efficiently arranged in such manner as would best promote American commerce, and protect the rights and interests of our countrymen abroad. The vessels unemployed are undergoing repairs, or are laid up until their services may be required. Most of the iron-clad fleet is at League Island, in the vicinity of Philadelphia, a place which, until decisive action should be taken by Congress, was selected by the Secretary of the Navy as the most eligible location for that class of vessels. The Naval Pension Fund amounts to $11,750,000, having been increased $2,750,000 during the year. The expenditures of the Department for the fiscal year ending 30th June last were $43,324,526, and the estimates for the coming year amount to $23,568,436.

THE POST-OFFICE.

The Report of the Postmaster-General presents a most satisfactory condition of the postal service, and submits recommendations which deserve the consideration of Congress. The revenues of the Department for the year ending June 30, 1866, were $14,386,986, and the expenditures $15,352,079, showing an excess of the latter of $965,093. In anticipation of this deficiency, however, a special appropriation was made by Congress in the act approved July 28, 1866, including the standing appropriation of $700,000 for free mail matter, as a legitimate portion of the revenues yet remaining unexpended, the actual deficiency for the past year is only $265,093—a sum within $51,141 of the amount estimated in the annual report of 1864. The length of railroad routes is thirty-two thousand and ninety-two miles, and the annual transportation thirty million six hundred and nine thousand four hundred and sixty-seven miles. The length of steamboat routes is fourteen thousand three hundred and forty-six miles, and the annual transportation three million four hundred and eleven thousand nine hundred and sixty-two miles.

THE INTERIOR DEPARTMENT.

During the last fiscal year four million six hundred and twenty-nine thousand three hundred and twelve acres of public land were disposed of, one million eight hundred and ninety-two thousand five hundred and sixteen acres of which were entered under the Homestead Act.

NEWS ITEMS.

A dispatch from Nashville, of November 26, states that half a dozen franchise bills have passed a first reading in the House. All of them embrace in their provisions colored suffrage, and two of them the universal amnesty feature. It is now generally thought that a bill guaranteeing qualified negro suffrage will become a law, but present indications suggest strong doubts as to the success of the amnesty doctrine.

The great Lake Tunnel which is to supply Chicago with water has been completed. It is a mighty feat of engineering skill. Dall and Gowan, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, took the contract for building it at $315,139, and ground was broke March 17, 1864, and the work has steadily advanced to completion. Its capacity is such that it will furnish one million people fifty-seven gallons of water each per day.

The Republican Committee at New Orleans has passed resolutions petitioning Congress to impeach the President and appoint a Provisional Governor for Louisiana.

The Governor's Message was laid before the Legislature of South Carolina November 27. It takes a gloomy view of the present condition of affairs, and attributes the depression of agriculture and business in the State to the intolerance of her conquerors, and urges that the white population should be stimulated to work, by letting them see that labor is honorable and idleness reprehensible. The Message is mainly devoted to State affairs, and says the result of the experiment of free labor has been highly encouraging under the circumstances. It concludes by referring to the Constitutional Amendment, which, he says, neither the interest nor honor of the State will allow her to ratify.

Hon. Cave Johnson, Postmaster-General under President Polk, died on November 23 at his residence at Clarksville, Tennessee, aged 72 years.

It has been ascertained at the War Department that there have been 169,624 colored men enlisted in the United States service. Of these 20,236 have been discharged, principally on account of physical disability; 31,866 died while in the service; 14,887 deserted; 1514 have been killed in action, and 1344 were reported after engagements as missing.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

November 26:

(LONDON.)—Twelve thousand breech-loading rifles are to be sent by the British Government to Ireland for the use of the constables. Arrests of Fenians continue to be made in Ireland, and the troops are vigilant.

There has been renewed fighting in Candia. It is said that the Turks have been badly beaten, and had suffered greatly, no less than three thousand having been killed, and two thousand taken prisoners.

(BERLIN.)—The Prussian Government intends to have a Consul-General located in the city of New York.

November 27:

(LONDON.)—A marked sensation is manifested here at the prospect of an immediate outbreak in Ireland.

All the London papers to-day, except the *Post*, simultaneously use strong and bitter language against the Fenians, and warn them that they will receive no mercy.

November 27 (Noon):

(LONDON.)—The Fenian troubles in Ireland have assumed considerable proportions, and there is no doubt that a serious outbreak has occurred. Two regiments of National troops were urgently ordered to Ireland yesterday afternoon, and transports were being prepared all night last night at Portsmouth. A large detachment of marines were also sent over to Queenstown on the war-steamer *Plymouth*. A gun-boat at Chatham has been ordered to sail for Queenstown immediately. Much alarm is felt at Cork and throughout Ireland generally. The London *Times* this morning believes that the Chief Organizer, Stephens, will soon arrive on the scene, if indeed he has not already. The *Globe* editorially hints that a more serious trouble with the United States is really at the bottom of the Fenian outbreak.

A telegraphic dispatch was received yesterday from Washington by the United States Minister at Paris. The dispatch was a very long one, occupying many hours in transmission, and it is believed that it relates to the Mexican question.

November 28:

(PARIS.)—It is reported that an arrangement has been made between the Governments of France and the United States that a tract of territory in Mexico shall be devoted to French colonization.

It is also stated that an arrangement has been agreed upon that the French bondholders shall not be disturbed in their rights.

(LONDON.)—The movement of the Government against the Fenians continues. Another regiment of infantry will go to Belfast immediately.

A box of uniforms and arms has been seized at Liverpool. The box came from the United States.

December 1:

(LONDONDERRY.)—There is a vague rumor that the Chief Organizer (Stephens) lately arrived in Paris, and is now secreted there.

December 2:

(ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.)—Have arrested John H. Surratt, one of President Lincoln's assassins. No doubt of identity.

CHARLES HALE,
United States Consul-General.

December 3:

(LONDON.)—John Bright was present at the great reform demonstration which took place in London today. There were probably fifty thousand people in the procession, in spite of a heavy rain, only a portion of whom could enter the grounds where the meeting was held. Resolutions were passed amidst great enthusiasm. At the conclusion the people dispersed peaceably.—Mr. Bright will address an immense audience to-night.

INTERNATIONAL QUESTIONS.

The London *Times* thinks that the British Government is considering whether the circumstances attending the escape of the *Alabama* render that Government liable for her depredations. In the discussion of this question the *Times* thinks more stress ought to be laid on grounds of policy and less on grounds of precedent. The English press seem to be anxious to reopen the discussion in some form, but the wisest course probably for our Government is to consider the matter as having been finally determined by Earl Russell's decision.

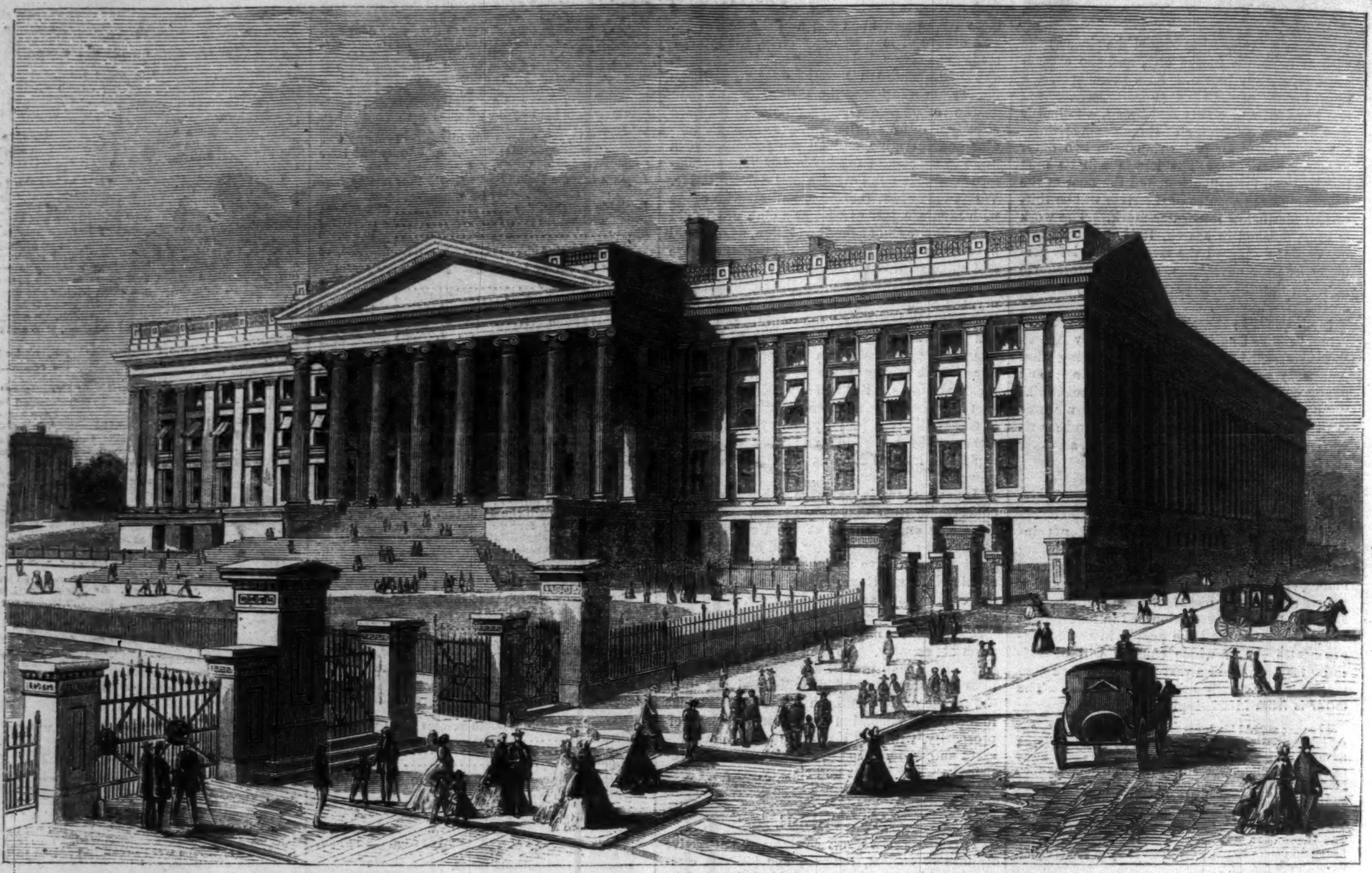
Some dispatch of importance has lately been sent to Minister Bigelow at Paris from Washington—probably instructing him as to our relations to the Mexican question. The London *Herald* considers the United States the natural protector of Mexico.

THE METEORIC SHOWER.

The reports by mail of the meteoric shower which took place on the night of November 13–14, and which was visible in Europe, confirm the telegram received here the next day. Professor Grant, of the Glasgow Observatory, writes:

"At 1.15 the heavens has assumed an extremely imposing aspect. Multitudes of beautiful meteors were now visible, but especially in the eastern region of the heavens, where the constellation Leo was to be seen as he gradually ascended in his course toward the meridian. Hundreds of the meteors far surpassed in brilliancy the stars of the first magnitude. In multitudes of instances they were brighter than Jupiter, and some of them even equaled Venus when she is at her greatest brilliancy. Their prevailing color was white, but some had a yellowish tinge of light, while others had a bluish tinge. In every instance they were accompanied by a straight, narrow train of well-defined light, of a beautiful emerald-green color. The length of the train varied much for the different meteors. Many of them extended over an arc of 30°, 40°, or 50°, and some were even of still greater length."

Professor Grant adds: "It was obvious that the earth had passed through the main part of the meteoric shower between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock. It may be remarked that the constellation Leo indicates the region of the heavens in the direction of which the earth is at present traveling in virtue of its annual motion round the sun."



THE UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER.]

DOME OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

ON our first page we give a view of the interior of the Dome of the new Capitol at Washington. We also give on this page illustrations of the State and Treasury Department buildings. The Dome of the Capitol is the most prominent external feature of the building. The edifice itself is but 69 feet in height; but above this rises the magnificent dome to the height of 241 feet, making the height of the entire structure 310 feet.

The old State Department building, of which we give a sketch, is on the corner of Fifteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, and is now about to be removed to make way for the new structure. There are many interesting associations connected with this building. It has been the scene of Secretary SEWARD's labors throughout the war, and of the presentation of Foreign Ministers for many years. It was here that SEWARD's mysterious little bell tinkled so portentously to secessionists and their sympathizers. The Colonnade is a portion of the Treasury building, beyond which lies the Potomac.

The view given of the Treasury Department is from the southeast. It is a beautiful structure. The columns are magnificent granite monoliths, and the entire building strikes the beholder with an impression of solidity. It is an instance of the vigor displayed by the Government in prosecuting the public works that during the war the labor still went on. When Washington was first occupied by the National troops, the Treasury building, in common with some others, was barricaded and defended by cannon placed upon the steps under the façade.

EDOUARD LABOULAYE.

EDOUARD LABOULAYE, the most American of all Frenchmen, as he is styled in his own country, and whose knowledge of America is greater perhaps than that of any man in Europe, was born at Paris, January 18, 1811. He studied law and was admitted to the bar at an early age, having diversified his legal studies by learning type-setting in the printing establishment of his brother, CHARLES LABOULAYE. In the first book published by M. LABOULAYE, "A History of the Law of Real Estate, from Constantine to the present time"—an erudite work, which was published in 1839, and crowned by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres—he is characterized as type-setter on the title page. This was followed in 1842 by a memoir of the celebrated jurist, FREDERICK CHARLES DE SAVIGNY. In the same year he became advocate in the Royal Court of Paris.

THE STATE DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER.]

M. EDOUARD LABOULAYE.

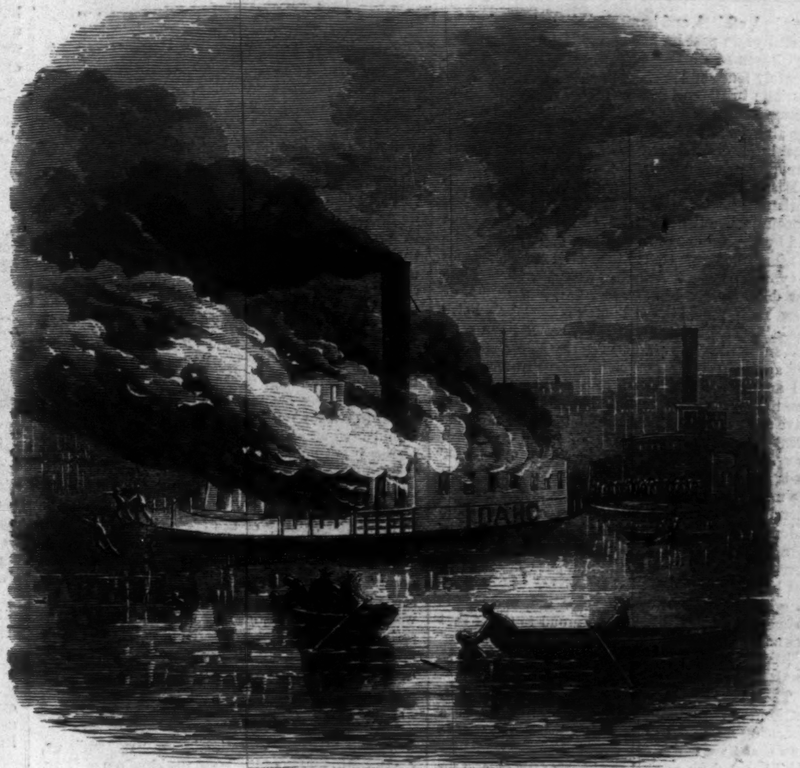
In 1843 he published a work on the "Civil and Political Condition of Woman, from the Romans to the Present Time," which was crowned by the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences; and, in 1845, an "Essay on the Criminal Law of the Romans respecting the Responsibility of Magistrates," which was also crowned by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. In 1849 he was chosen a member of the latter academy, and in the same year was made Professor of Comparative Legislation in the College of France, a position which he still holds. Within the next ten years he published numerous works, among which may be cited "Contemporary Studies on Germany and the Slavic Nations," "Religious Liberty," "Souvenirs of a Traveler," "Studies on Literary Property in France and England," "Abdallah," and several volumes of "Moral and Political Studies," and translations of "Walter's History of Civil Procedure among the Romans," Loisel's "Instituts Contumiérs," "La Contumiér de Charles VI.," "Channing's Social Works," Channing's "Slavery," etc. He also edited various legal works, and contributed largely to the "Révue de Législation et Jurisprudence," the "Révue Historique de droit Français et étranger," the "Journal des Débats," the "Révue Germanique," the "Révue Nationale," etc.

When the civil war in America broke out M. LABOULAYE was among the first to rank himself with the defenders of the North in Europe; and his name formed one of that brilliant galaxy—the Count DE GASPARIN, EDOUARD LABOULAYE, AUGUSTIN COCHIN, and HENRI MARTIN—which will rival the constellation of LAFAYETTE and BEAUMARCHAIS in the eyes of posterity. He contributed numerous able articles on American affairs to the *Journal des Débats*, and commenced a course of lectures on American History in the College of France, which were fraught with allusions to current events, and which were crowded by the *élite* of Paris. Probably nothing contributed more to disseminate a true knowledge of American affairs among the French people than these brilliant lectures, which were the sensation of the day, and which form part of the author's "Political History of the United States from the first attempt at Colonization to the adoption of the Federal Constitution," just published. But M. LABOULAYE's crowning work was the brilliant satire, "Paris in America," published in 1862—a work which displays an intimate knowledge of American manners and customs that would be marvelous in an American, and is doubly marvelous when it is remembered that the author has never visited America. The book met with unprecedented success, passing through seventeen editions in a few months. By the request of the author it was translated into English by Miss MARY L. BOOTH, of New York, the translator of MARTIN's History of France, who had translated his previous writings on America, and with whom he had maintained a correspondence since the beginning of the war.

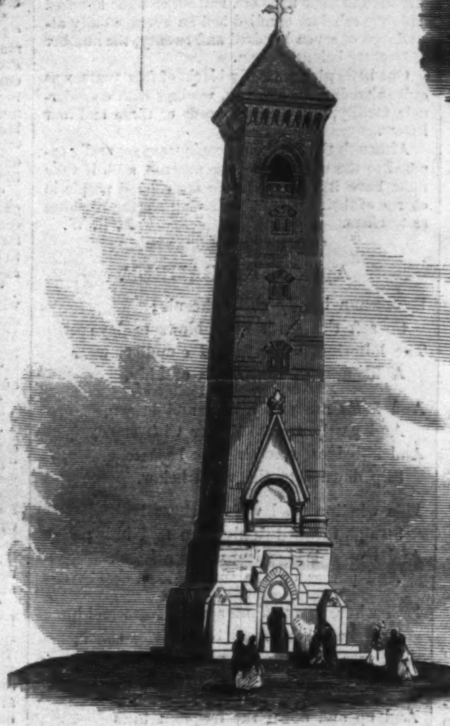
During the continuance of the struggle, and, indeed, to the present time, the pen of M. LABOULAYE has never been idle; while the war lasted he labored to secure the triumph of the North, and since its close he has striven to insure the fruits of the victory, as the recent collective letter to the Loyal Publication Society, published on the eve of the late elections, and adjuring the nation to stand by Congress, abundantly proves. Nor is this all. Firmly persuaded that America possesses the true idea of government, it is his earnest endeavor to hold up its institutions as an example to be followed by France as soon as she shall have shaken off the incubus of imperialism. In a letter of recent date to Miss BOOTH he says:

"The influence of America is beginning to be powerfully felt in our journals. Before many years it will be evident that you possess the true political ideal. For my part I am aiding this movement to the best of my ability, not that I delude myself so far as to believe that there is nothing *human* and imperfect in American institutions; but you have this great advantage, that the government among you is not a barrier and an obstacle every where to fetter the free development of the individual. I must tell you that one volume of my Political History of the United States—the history of the Constitution—has already been translated into Spanish at Buenos Ayres, and that a Peruvian is translating the first volume—the History of the Colonies—for Peru. It is somewhat singular that I should be used as a medium to make North America known to South America; but this is explained by Latin civilization—French books are always welcome to the Spaniards. My 'Paris in America' has also been translated at Buenos Ayres; in Paris it has reached the seventeenth edition. You see that if I have not Americanized my country it is not my fault."

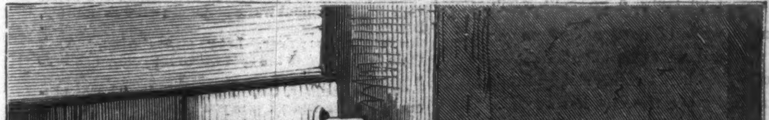
M. LABOULAYE is as many-sided as GOETHE. Not only has he distinguished himself in forensic,



BURNING OF THE FERRY-BOAT "IDAHO."—[SEE PAGE 790.]



THE TYNDALE MONUMENT.—[SEE PAGE 790.]



IN MISCHIEF.

OUT OF MISCHIEF.

historical, ethical, and humoristic literature; but for several years past he has amused himself by writing Christmas tales for children, of whom he is passionately fond, and which are marked by his characteristic brilliancy and originality. Wishing to become known to the young folks of America as he was already to their fathers, M. LABOULAYE some time since collected these tales, which were scattered through various books and journals, and sent them to Miss BOOTH that she might compile therefrom a Christmas book for America. This sparkling and graceful collection of stories, edited under the eye and by the request of the author, and for which he has furnished an introduction, written specially for his young friends in America, will be published in a few days by the Messrs. HARPER BROTHERS, of New York, under the title of "Laboulaye's Fairy Book." This selection of tales, as we have said, was submitted before publication by Miss BOOTH to the approval of the author, who says in response: "I am delighted that my tales will be offered by you to the American public. The choice which you have made appears to me excellent, and I shall take great pleasure in seeing myself in an American dress. I am especially delighted that 'Abdallah' finds a place in this collection. This little tale cost me more than a year's study; there is not a detail therein that has not been borrowed from some volume of Eastern travel; and I read the Koran through twice, a wearisome task, in order to extract therefrom a morality that might put Christians to the blush though practiced by Arabs. My granddaughter, who is now five years old, and who is going to learn English, is very proud to think that her name will be known in America, and is anxious to have a copy of her own, which she shall have if she learns English."

The book, it should be said, is dedicated to M. LABOULAYE's grand-daughter, GABRIELLE. It is a charming offering to our young folks, and we are sure that they will all be grateful to our friend for thinking of them as well as of their fathers, and for making them this delightful Christmas present, which we hope in a few days to put into their hands, and which we are sure that they will read with delight.

MEMORIAL TO WM. TYNDALE.

A CEREMONY of an interesting character, not merely to those who took part in it, but to Protestants generally, took place on Tuesday, November 6, at North Nibley, a village about two miles from Wotton-under-Edge, in the County of Gloucester, England. The ceremony was the inauguration by the Lord-Lieutenant of the county (the Earl of Ducie) of the memorial raised to the memory of WILLIAM TYNDALE, upon the summit of Nibley Knoll. TYNDALE, as most of our readers are aware, was one of the first translators into English and printers of the Bible, and it is generally believed that he was born, about the year 1484, in the parish of North Nibley. There are some persons who claim for Stinchcombe the honor of being the place of his nativity; but there is, we believe, no evidence to support the claim. Indeed, there is little beyond conjecture to guide any one in fixing upon the exact place of his birth; and in North Nibley two houses are indicated as the identical premises in which he first drew breath. The Black Horse Inn—an old building certainly, but one, we should think, of a later date than TYNDALE—used formerly to bear an inscription setting forth that that was TYNDALE's birth-place; but the inscription has now disappeared. TYNDALE spent some time at the University of Oxford, and afterward went to Cambridge, it is thought, for the purpose of profiting by the Greek lectures of ERASMUS. About 1522 he was living as tutor in the family of Sir J. WALSH, of Little Sodbury, and spent his leisure time in the translation of the Scriptures; but he was obliged to leave that neighborhood in consequence of the bitter persecutions to which he was subjected by the people. On his departure he told one of his most violent opponents "that if God spared him, ere many years he would cause a boy that driveth the plow to know more of the Scriptures than he did." Finding that there was no hope of printing and publishing his translations in England, TYNDALE went to Hamburg and Cologne, pursuing his work in secret; but he was discovered, and fled to Worms. He resided for some time at Antwerp, and various attempts were made by his enemies to induce him to return to England. VAUGHAN, who was then English Embassador there, worked against him, and at length TYNDALE was betrayed into the hands of the Government of the Netherlands; was, through the intrigues of two Englishmen, convicted of heresy, and was, on the 6th of October, 1536, strangled and burned at Vilverden, near Brussels. Such is a brief sketch of the chief events in the life of TYNDALE; and a few years ago, some three centuries and a half after his martyrdom, it occurred to a few gentlemen who were living in the neighborhood of Nibley that a monument to his memory should be raised, and that no more fitting place for it could be found than the knoll which overlooks the property on which he is supposed to have been born. A committee was appointed, a sum of money was raised, the execution of the work was intrusted to Mr. S. S. TEULON, architect, of Craig's Court, London, and on May 29, 1863, the foundation-stone was laid by Colonel BERKELEY, whose father (Earl FITZHARDINGE) had, jointly with the freeholders, placed four acres of land at the disposal of the committee. The memorial is a cenotaph, consisting of a square tower, 26 feet 6 inches square at the base, narrowing by gradation to 2 feet at the top, where a cornice sustains a pyramidal roof, vaulted within. The tower is 111 feet in length, is ascended by a spiral staircase leading on to a gallery, whence, through large apertures, extensive views of the lovely scenery of the surrounding country can be obtained. It had been intended that the four cardinal points should be adorned with sculptures representing incidents in the life of TYNDALE; but for some reason or other this has not been done. The total cost has been £1550, and there is a debt remaining of about £300.

BURNING OF A FERRY-BOAT.

THE steamer *Idaho*, belonging to the New York and Brooklyn Ferry Company, was destroyed by fire on the evening of Monday, November 26, near the South Seventh Street dock in Williamsburg. She had left the dock at five minutes past 7 o'clock, and when she had proceeded about 500 yards the fire broke out, being occasioned by the upsetting of a large kerosene lamp in the "centre house," where the deck hands keep the tools, etc. The lamp was lighted, and the oil took fire, communicating the flames to the sides of the boat, and climbing up to the cabins. It was only when the olfactory nerves of the engineer were disturbed that the danger began to be known. The engines were reversed immediately, the hose was whipped out and brought to play upon the flames, but it was too late either to return to the dock or to extinguish the flames. Fortunately not more than 34 passengers were on board, as it was early in the evening. If the *Idaho* had been going from New York to Williamsburg instead of from Williamsburg to New York, there would have probably been a thousand on board, and scores, if not hundreds, of persons would have been burned to death or drowned. As it was, with only 34 passengers, when the other ferry-boat, the *Minnesota*, came to the rescue, the latter was compelled to leave the vicinity of the *Idaho*, in order to save itself, leaving several unfortunates exposed to death by fire or water. The case of those left behind was almost a hopeless one. Seizing the few life-preservers to be obtained they jumped overboard, and were picked up at length by a boat. No one was seriously injured; but it is terrible to think of what might have been the result under altered circumstances.

THE PLEBISCITUM AT VENICE.

THE plebiscitum, or voting by universal suffrage, for the annexation of Venice to the kingdom of Italy, took place on the 21st and 22d of October, the possession of that city and its provinces having been relinquished by Austria and handed over, through the mediation of a French Commissioner, to the custody of their own municipal authorities.

The people were called upon to express their wishes touching "their union to the kingdom of Italy under the constitutional monarchical government of King VICTOR EMANUEL and his lawful successors." If favorable to the union, they were to express such desire by answering "Si," which means "ay," or "yes;" if of the contrary opinion, by answering "No." The 21st and 22d of October were the days appointed for the votes to be taken. Due notice was given, and the voting-places were crowded. On Sunday morning, the 21st, and throughout the day, every Venetian walked about with a large "Si," printed upon a little square piece of paper, stuck in his hat or in his button-hole. The method of voting was by dropping one of these tickets into the urn or ballot-box.

The tickets were collected and counted by the commissioners appointed for that purpose at the Doge's Palace, in the grand old hall where the Doges of Venice were formerly elected. The President was Commendatore TECCHIO, Judge of the Court of Appeal, a Venetian lawyer, who has, since 1848, been living in exile from his native city, and was one of the most distinguished members of the Chamber of Deputies at Turin in the time of Count CAVOUR. At the final sitting of the commission, on the 27th of October, when the returns of the voting from each of the several provinces of the Venetian territory had been scrutinized, the announcement of their almost unanimous result was received with loud applause by those present in the hall; and Signor TECCHIO came out upon the balcony, as soon as the aggregate numbers had been verified, to proclaim the fact to the assembled multitude in the Piazzetta below. This is the subject of our second illustration. It was a quarter before four in the afternoon. The people welcomed the appearance of President TECCHIO, and the announcement he had to make, with the most enthusiastic acclamations. The band of the National Guard struck up a national air; the bells of all the churches in Venice rang their most joyful peals, and the guns of the ships and forts repeatedly saluted the popular suffrage for the annexation of Venice to the Italian kingdom.

THE CZAREWITCH AND PRINCESS DAGMAR.

OF the young man who, if he lives, is destined one day to succeed to the throne of the Czars, and who was united on the 9th November to the beautiful young Danish Princess, once known by the name of DAGMAR, but who in future will be styled "Mdme. the Grand Duchess MARIA FEODOROWNA," the world as yet knows very little. "His Imperial Highness Monseigneur the Czarewitch, the Hereditary Grand Duke ALEXANDER-ALEXANDROWITCH," was born on March 10 (February 26, Old Style), 1845, and is consequently upward of twenty-one years of age. He is the second son of the reigning Emperor, his elder brother, who was betrothed to Princess DAGMAR, having died at Nice last year. The youthful Czarewitch has, of course, no reputation beyond his native country, all that is known of him as a public character being that he is chief of a regiment of dragoons.

Princess DAGMAR, late of Denmark, now converted, as above stated, into the Grand Duchess MARIA FEODOROWNA of Russia, is the second daughter of the King of Denmark, and the sister of the Princess of Wales. She was born on the 26th of November, 1847, and has thus completed her nineteenth year. Though so young the Princess has already known acute sorrow. She was to have occupied the same position toward the late Czarewitch, NICHOLAS-ALEXANDROWITCH, that she now does to his younger brother. The ceremony of betrothal had taken place, and the time for the marriage was all but fixed, when death claimed the expectant bridegroom, and Princess DAGMAR was thus placed for a time in the position of a widow without ever having been a wife. It is to be hoped that the union effected on the 9th ult. will compensate her for the grief and bereavement which she previously experienced.

A story told of her Imperial Highness is to the effect that, on the day of her confirmation at St. Petersburg, the Princess, in passing along one of the salons of the Winter Palace, led by the Grand Duke ALEXANDER, her future husband, found herself all at once in the presence of the portrait of the Prince to whom she was first betrothed, and she could not refrain from weeping. "You are right," said the Grand Duke ALEXANDER, "for he loved you dearly. We will weep for him together, and we will often talk of him."

ZION SCHOOL, CHARLESTON, S. C.

IT is the peculiarity of this school that it is entirely under the superintendence of colored teachers. It was organized by the Old School Presbyterian Church, December 1, 1865. It was the last of the colored schools established on the close of the rebellion by the Northern philanthropists—at whose expense they are maintained—and it had to provide for a harder set among its pupils, in some cases the refuse of other schools. This delayed its progress for some time; but when your artist visited it in July last, it was exhibiting a steady improvement under its principal, Mr. VAN HORN, of New Jersey.

The children were apparently very obedient and attentive to their teachers, and out of eight hundred and fifty scholars enrolled had an average daily attendance of seven hundred and twenty, the number of teachers being thirteen.

One little girl, perfectly black, of four years, was quite a prodigy in her way, reading with considerable facility, and spelling words of three and four letters.

Although the Southern people seem generally opposed to the education of the negroes, still, if they must have it, they prefer to see colored people in charge of their own race to having Northern whites as teachers.

A. R. W.

A WINTER RAMBLE.

DECEMBER hardly chills the air;
So soft the south wind blows to-day;
The loitering, white-fleeced cloudlets wear
A likeness of the clouds of May.

And fields are partly bare and brown,
And partly trampled o'er with snow,
And hill-sides, smooth from base to crown,
Slip down into the vales below.

This winding road will nowhere look
Straightforward—only turn and hide;
And now a bridge leaps o'er a brook
And pauses on the further side.

'Twas here hoar Winter must have staid,
And here his snowy beard have shook,
And with the running water played,
And hushed the murmuring of the brook.

And up and down the frequent hills
The tireless way-side wanders on,
The quiet farms, or clattering mills,
Are passed on many a pleasant lawn.

Between its walls of moss and stone
The narrow lane turns off afield,
Whence lowing herds come slowly home
When dusky eve the day has sealed.

And wheresoe'er our footsteps stray
We find the old familiar ways—
The self-same toil, the self-same play
That crept into the olden days.

A DANGEROUS HAND.

HAVE you ever been in Switzerland? No? Then go to Thun, one of the drollest little towns in the world, and one of the pleasantest. It stands in a noble park—the Valley of the Aar—and at the extremity of an ornamental piece of water designed by the very First of Landscape Gardeners. The houses and the streets have entered into a conspiracy with the mountains, with the lake, the clouds, and the river, to fascinate and detain the onward traveler, that he may leave a little of his cash in the place. Every nook and lane is a gem begging the photographer to come and copy it; every opening is a scene, every wide space a panorama.

The town of Thun itself, small yet varied, quaint yet pretty, is one of the most original habitations of men. The balconies, the arched projecting roofs, and the pointed turrets, run each other hard in their rivalry for the prize of attractive coquetry.

It was at this same Thun that I first caught sight of her. Now, happily, I have the right to say *her*. You have seen, at some theatre, a lovely fairy, in a pork-pie hat, step out suddenly from behind the wings, charming all the male beholders ranging between the ages of fourteen and fourscore. That morning the drying-ground, a little below the market-place, was full of sheets—twenty times more than would be required to serve as screens for a Private Theatricals. Behind them, I heard a silver voice which said, "This way, papa! I am sure this is the way to the Freienhof."

And then there came forth from behind the white curtain a vision which made me forget every thing else. I had, of course, seen pretty girls before, but I had never yet seen *my* pretty girl. It was not the fair, clear complexion, nor the flaxen hair, nor the coral lips, which shot the dart; but it was the bright, spontaneous way in which those hazel eyes met mine; the extraordinary quickness with which we exchanged a glance; the slight blush and the gentle smile which followed as her eyes dropped immediately afterward; and the involuntary halt, as if one had something important to say and the other expected something important to be said. As for papa, I don't think I saw him at all *that* time. You have heard of love at first sight? That is just what it was.

They went their way, through the tiny market, into the street; and I think I remember that she walked very slowly, as if she would have been glad to sit down and rest. I was nailed to the spot, looking after her until she was out of sight. Of one thing only was I thoroughly conscious. I had seen my wife, if ever I was to have a wife. That face, that figure, and that voice, had a rent in the clouds of futurity through whose long perspective a secret presentiment showed me my future. Talk of your magic mirrors, your enchanted crystals! Talk of distant events revealed in drops of ink! There is no magic like a sympathetic glance.

The way to the Freienhof! It was the very hotel I was staying at. But the direction they took was *not* the way to the Freienhof. Were they going for a stroll of discovery, or had they merely mistaken their way? Time would show. Saith the proverb, "Every thing comes to him who can wait." I could wait; and did wait where I was.

While wondering at, though perfectly understanding, the novel ferment which then was working within me, my field of view was crossed by a solitary individual who was proceeding onward with uncertain steps. His make-up was fashionable, though perhaps a little seedy; but that tells for nothing on a continental trip. His black hair might be a little too ringlety; his whiskers a little too Dundrearyish. His hat had contours and lines of beauty in its rim more suited to Rotten Row than to searches after the picturesque. He made you doubt whether he were a *very* gentlemanly man indeed, or not a gentleman at all. You must have seen him on some race-course, or somebody excessively like him. The face looked a little tired and worn; but it bravely carried the cast-iron smile which is peculiar to opera-dancers and people of the world obliged to play the part of universal amiables.

"I *beg* your pardon, Sir," he said, perceiving me. "I *really* beg ten thousand pardons; but *would* you do me the very great favor to tell me the way to the Freienhof?" He italicized those words with a melodious drawl. "My friend, Sir Charles, who brought me to Thun in his carriage, tried to persuade me to remain at the Bellevue. Charming house, excellent table, magnificent view, good society! Quite, in short, *my* style of thing, Sir. But, although the Freienhof is only second-rate, I had promised to go there—*promised*, Sir. And when a lady is in the case—"

"Hang the fellow and his confidential talk!" I grumbled to myself. "What a nuisance to be so interrupted! At such an interesting moment, too!" So raising my hat, I coldly answered, "You have only to go straight forward; take the first turn to the left, and you will reach the Freienhof."

"*Much* obleeged; *very* much indeed," he rejoined, with treacley suavity. "Such kindness to an utter stranger! Pray do me the honor to accept my card. *You* are doubtless at the Bellevue? *You* are not going to the Freienhof?"

"No, I am not, Sir," I fear I growled; internally adding, "until I think proper."

"I thank you very much. This way, I think?" And, with a honeyed bow, he took his leave.

"Mr. Percy Howard!" I muttered, looking at the card, which I had not been able to avoid receiving. "Every Howard kins with Norfolk's duke. For me, you are too mealy-mouthed. But what has become of the other parties?" I had not very long to wait. As I expected, the father and daughter had taken the wrong turn, and were now retracing their steps. She did not seem in the least surprised to find me lingering there; nor did he, for he had never given me a thought. Now or never was the time to make an attempt at *something*.

"Pray excuse me, Sir," I said, a little flurried, "but I think I overheard you mentioning the Freienhof Hotel. I am staying there, and this is the way to it. You can reach it almost immediately. But it is still two hours to the table d'hote dinner; and if—if you are not too tired, there is a wonderful prospect close at hand, which will repay you for the trouble of mounting to it!"

"Indeed! What do you say, Maria? Do you think you can manage a little climbing?"

"I should like it above all things. Ever since I caught sight of it I have been wishing to get a better view of that brilliant white mountain—the Blümlisalp, I think."

"Very well, my dear. Let us go to the inn, and ask them for a guide to the spot which the gentleman is so obliging as to—"

"Quite needless, Sir," I interposed. "I was proceeding there when I saw you pass [a freak of fancy ordinarily known as a fib]; and, if you allow me, I will lead the way."

"Is it far?" the papa replied. "Is it steep?"

"Neither one nor the other. To reach the point of view we have only to mount this long covered staircase by a series of low steps which are suited almost for children's feet. Is the young lady beginning to feel tired?"

"Not in the least. But if I were, here is a landing-place which will give us a minute's breathing. How curious! It is the centre of five different staircases, some running up—and some taking you down."

"This one is ours. Let us follow it. We have reached the cemetery, and have no further to climb. We have only a few steps to take on level ground; and now, if you please, look forward."

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed, after a few moments' pause; "I had no idea, until now, that the earth was capable of so much beauty. Never, never shall I forget this day." After gazing again at the view, she bestowed on me a look of thankfulness which was worth all the compliments in the world. This noble sight, enjoyed in common, had set its seal on our companionship. We had already grown almost intimate. It was understood between us two that we were friends, if not something more.

"It certainly is fine," assented the senior. "Mr. Howard would describe it in his most flowery style."

"Yes," said Maria, "he would indeed; for he is not afraid to talk about what he does not understand. He confounds Romans with Greeks; and, on being made aware of his mistake, slips out of it by calling them both the ancients."

"You are prejudiced, my dear, against him. You must try and get over your dislike. I wonder, by-the-way, if he has arrived."

In Swiss travel there is a peculiarity which is pleasant or not, according to circumstances. If you are there on any social speculation, to marry off your daughters, to make acquaintances you would not be likely to pick up at home, to light upon friends by unexpected chances, you can't have a better place of meeting, nor a surer rendezvous; but if your real aim be the beanties of nature, to be enjoyed in poetic retirement and quiet, you are liable to interruption.

The fact is, that, as every body except the climbers of unclimbed peaks is pursuing a beaten track from which there is little deviation, if you meet an individual once, you are almost sure to fall in with him again. On steamer, in diligence, at glacier foot, by waterfall, you find faces which have accompanied you throughout your itinerary. If *you* do the Wengern Alp, they go too; if you go to see the Giesbach illuminated, you behold there physiognomies which you have already

beheld reflecting daylight at Lucerne, Berne, or Interlachen. If you like the faces, well and good; if you don't, their tracking your heels so closely becomes wearisome. The only means of escape from such comrades is to stop somewhere for a week, and let the stream pass. The summer current will bring in a supply fresh from the inexhaustible springs of British life.

In this way, even before they entered Switzerland, my charmer's father had picked up Mr. Howard; while Mr. Howard had not the least intention to loose his hold of his new acquaintance. Hence their expectation of meeting each other again at Thun.

The slightest possible shade of annoyance at her parent's partiality for his new-found friend overspread *her* face for an instant, and then she glanced again at the landscape. Turning to me, she asked: "What is that mountain which stands before us—that dark green pyramid clothed at its base with thick festoons of pine-tree forest?"

"That's *my* mountain—my beloved Niesen. Every body loves the Niesen. 'All round the Niesen' is a toast as popular here as 'All round the Wrekin' is in Shropshire. Niesen is a favorite name to confer on dogs and railway locomotives. Long live the noble Niesen! I stood on his top the other day."

"Indeed! Is it possible?" Maria exclaimed, regarding me, in her innocence, as an Alpine hero.

"It is not only possible, but so easy that *you* can make the ascent if you choose."

"Really! I should enjoy above all things to be able to say I had ascended a mountain."

After some discussion the gentleman agreed that the ascent should be made. "By-the-way," he continued, "my name is William Greenwood, of the firm of Greenwood, Darkins, & Blake, Manchester."

"And mine, Sir, is Henry Carter, son of the late John Edmund Carter, formerly of Manchester, latterly of Liverpool."

"Really! I remember your father failed in my debt, giving a dividend of eight-and-sixpence in the pound."

"Yes, Sir, he did; and five years afterward paid you in full, with interest."

"True; like an honorable man as he was. To think of meeting poor Carter's son in this way, by chance! He left you, I believe, not so very badly off?"

"I am rich by living within my income."

"And you are strolling about here, I suppose, like the rest of us, without any definite purpose?"

"I am trying to put a little method into my trip by comparing, for my own private satisfaction, the respective merits of several well-known eminences which are reached on foot with no great exertion. I scramble from one hill-top to another, and note which pleases me best."

"The volume under your arm is doubtless your guide-book. There are so many that it is difficult to choose between them."

"It is nothing so commonplace as that, but a resource for a rainy day or a leisure hour. It is the Mysteries of the Hand, by Desbarrolles, in which the science of Chiromancy is fully and seriously expounded."

"A revival of an old delusion. But if people *will* pry into futurity, one form of the folly is as good as another. You will tell us about it by-and-by; it is time now that we think of dinner."

At dinner I had the great satisfaction of securing the seat next to *her*. Opposite to us was Mr. Percy Howard, looking any thing but pleased at the favor I enjoyed. Maria (that I now knew to be her delightful name) did not like him more than I did, and received his advances with undisguised coldness. I fancied I observed that the waiter behind us was strange in his manner toward him, as if Mr. Howard paid too particular attention to the polish of the forks and spoons within his reach. To the discussion of our Niesen project Mr. Howard listened with open ears. It was agreed that I should go forward to Wimmis, the village at the base of the mountain, to secure horses up it, and bedrooms in the little hotel at its top, and that they would drive there early the following morning to commence the ascent immediately.

Next day I bade a brief good-by to the father and daughter, and reached Wimmis, where every arrangement was speedily made. During the inn-gossip of the afternoon singular inquiries were put to me respecting the strangers then at Thun. I answered them as well as I could, but what in truth was uppermost in my mind was the expected arrival of my fair one to-morrow.

The morrow came, and with it my new friends; but they were not alone. Mr. Howard had fastened himself upon them, and with him a gentlemanly young fellow enough—rather too finespun—an acquaintance of his, whom I had noticed at the table d'hôte. As soon as they alighted we set off, myself alone on foot, the rest of the party on horseback.

The ascent of the Niesen was glorious. Maria (by whose side I walked, telling her guide to proceed in advance) was in ecstasies at the harmony of sights and sounds, at the tinkling of bells from cows and goats, with the stream of the Simme rushing below. Every turn of the zigzag path presented us with a fresh point of view. As we mounted higher all was repose; soft colors—melting hues of green and brown—met our delighted eyes. The air was pure and balmy; our minds, elevated by the scenery, entirely forgot the lower world, the roar of city carriages, and the busy hum of men.

We met sledges laden with mountain cheese gliding down gently over the grass; we passed men carrying on their shoulders loads of wine and other provisions for consumption at the summit. We scaled, one after the other, the three separate masses which together constitute the Niesen. Near the top I crept down a rock, and was suddenly lost to my companion's view. Maria uttered a pretty little scream, highly flattering to my self-importance. Soon returning I had the pleasure of presenting her with a handful of snow.

At last we reached the highest pinnacle. I make no attempt to describe the panorama it commands. It made us regardless of every thing else, I believe, except each other's presence. We drank in with our eyes the snowy peaks, the outspread lakes, the meandering streams. And then—and then—the Alpine air reminded every body that meal-time was approaching. The little hotel, crouching in a hollow not far from the top, opened its hospitable doors. We dined. While dining a cloud enveloped the mountain. So the evening had to be beguiled with talk, in the course of which Mr. Greenwood referred to my studies in palmistry.

It was only natural that so obsolete an art should be disdainfully regarded by Mr. Howard and his friend.

"Will you look at my hand by way of experiment?" asked the fine young gentleman, with a mixture of curiosity and contemptuous defiance. "Tell us, if you can, what it indicates."

"I need not look at it; I have only to take it," I replied, passing his hand between my own. "Its character is apparent to the touch. Its objects, tendencies, and occupations may be summed up in one word—Pleasure." The fine young gentleman withdrew his hand from mine, and turned as red as a fresh-boiled lobster.

"One minute longer," I said, resuming it. "There are also good points about it which only require exercise and development. There is no want of intellect. There is also right-mindedness and sense of duty which may one day get the upper hand of vanity and self-indulgence." The fine young gentleman, abashed and thoughtful, resumed his seat without a word.

"What do you read on this?" inquired Maria, blushing slightly as she offered her hand.

"I read a good deal," I gravely replied, after carefully examining first one hand and then the other. "You dearly love all those about you; and, when you marry, you will dearly love your husband. But I see a willfulness which might compromise your happiness. You would risk a good deal, and might even sacrifice your real welfare, to have your own way in every thing. That is your great danger—the spirit of domination. But I see correcting influences. You will direct ably, but you will also consult. You will consider other people's wishes as well as your own, when you find them reasonable."

During this horoscopic speech Mr. Greenwood grew more and more attentive.

"You have hit off Maria neatly enough," he said. "Let us now see what you will make of me." So saying, he frankly held out his hand, turning back his coat-cuff to display wrist and all. It was an honest, prepossessing-looking hand, independent of any rules of palmistry.

"This hand," I said, "is one in ten thousand. In the first place, Sir, you are a lucky man. If you were not born with a silver spoon in your mouth, it very soon found its way thither. Ill-luck never strikes you; when it threatens to hit you it glances aside. Your very losses have turned out gains in the end. Your life will be long; your health good, as it ever has been. Intriguers have never succeeded in taking you in. You loved your wife tenderly; and you have never married again only because you love your daughter with equal tenderness."

"Any body can prophesy in that style," said Mr. Howard, impatiently, "without knowing much of the secrets of nature. There is little risk of making a blunder by supposing a young man in brilliant health and of ample means to be fond of pleasure; that a pretty girl should love her husband, after being loved by him; that an only daughter, with no mother to consult, should like to have her own way, as I am sure she ought; that a gentleman with a fortune should be fortunate, which is equivalent to saying that prosperity is prosperous. Chiromancy like that is a farce. A gipsy at a fair would tell you as much or more. As to long life, continued health, permanent welfare, and success—*they* are too pleasant not to be put into a prediction when there is any wish to ingratiate one's self with the parties practiced upon."

"If I had seen in those hands the reverse of what I did, I should not have hesitated to say so. Still, your criticism is not without apparent foundation. I *may* seem to be making plausible guesses. That I have not spoken by guess is easily proved; for here is the book I go by. I can quote you the rules it gives."

"Mere quackery; you will never convince me there is any thing in it."

"I am not myself convinced that there is. The responsibility rests with Desbarrolles. He tells me that there is a hand which is essentially voluptuous, giving itself up to indolent indulgence, and yet ardent after pleasure. It is a plump hand, almost swollen; its fingers are smooth and tapering, thick at their base, and with no knots or irregularities of form. Its skin is white and glossy, looking as if dirt would not adhere to it, sunshine tan it, nor frost redden it. It is dimpled; the palm is fleshy, the root of the thumb very largely developed. It is generally regarded as a beautiful hand. I think your friend's hand answers to this."

"And so does every lady's and gentleman's."

"Then," said Mr. Greenwood, "let us now see what *your* horoscope reveals."

"No, indeed, the thing is *too* childish; *it is too* palpable a piece of foolery," Mr. Howard replied.

"At least by way of pastime," Maria pleaded.

"We ought all to take our turns," urged the plump-handed friend.

"Be it, then, as you please," said Howard, offering his hand with a very bad grace.

I looked at it for some time aghast; then took the other and examined it; and then let both drop without uttering a syllable.

"You give no opinion," said Mr. Greenwood.

"I would rather not."

"I thought how it would be," said Howard. "He has got to the end of his palmistry."

"I do not wish to give unnecessary pain," I explained, "and on those hands I see things not pleasant to read."

"Out with them at once," said the friend. "They are harmless if they are not true."

"Well, then, if I must, I must. You will not be offended. The Line of the Heart is scarcely perceptible: faithlessness, evil tendencies. The Saturnian Line runs straight from the base of the middle finger quite up to the wrist: chances of imprisonment and other heavy tribulations. The Mount of Mercury excessively developed: adroitness, not always restrained by scruples; skill in the arts of daily life, in writing and caligraphy, for instance. I now understand what prompted you to take tracings of the signatures in the travelers' books at sundry hotels."

"Ah, yes! I am completing a friend's collection of autographs."

"This talent, combined with the evil influence of the forked and crooked Line of the Head, might tempt men less easy in their circumstances to procure cash by means of forgery."

"But, Sir, there is a limit to pleasantry—"

"It is the book which speaks, not I. Here it is all, chapter and verse."

At that moment the waitress of the hotel entered, and presented Howard with a letter of business-like aspect.

He opened and read it. For an instant he seemed surprised, not to say stunned; but recovered himself immediately.

"How unfortunate!" he exclaimed. "How very mal à propos! I am obliged to leave your delightful society."

"Not to-night, surely?"

"There is no help for it. My friend, Lord Castellinthaire, sends word that he is suddenly taken ill, and begs me to join him at Brienz as soon as possible. The worst of it is that, not only must I tear myself away, but I have left at Thun, with the bulk of my baggage, all the cash not required for this little excursion."

"That need not disturb you," said Mr. Greenwood. "I can let you have something till we meet again. How much will you like?"

"You are exceedingly kind. If we say ten pounds—"

"That is not enough. You don't know when you may get back to Thun. Take twenty; or, we'll say five-and-twenty. I have my check-book—"

"No, no, my *very* dear Sir: no check, I thank you. I appreciate your kindness all the same; *indeed* I do. Ten pounds will be quite sufficient—*quite*."

"Yes; but my check-book! I had it a little while ago. It was in the pocket of my paletot in the room where we washed our hands before dinner."

"Perhaps," I hinted, "by an accidental mistake, it has found its way into Mr. Percy Howard's paletot, not being able, in the twilight, to distinguish that gentleman's pocket from its own usual resting-place."

"Your joke is a little too absurd," said Mr. Greenwood, tickled at the notion nevertheless, and handing with a smile a ten-pound note to Mr. Howard.

"*Very* much obliged," said the recipient. "But you, Sir," to me, "do you mean to insult me?"

"It is not an insult," I replied, "nor yet a joke; but a serious suggestion. Do, if you please, feel in your pockets, and try if you can not find it there."

"I shall do no such thing, Sir," thundered Howard, simulating virtuous indignation, and working himself into a theatrical rage. "I am used to be treated as a gentleman; and were it not for the lady's presence—"

"Softly!" I said. "The case is very simple. Mr. Greenwood's check-book is missing. Oblige us by helping us to find it. Search if it has not wandered somewhere, quite by accident, of course. You have his ten-pound note; I am sure he has no wish to deprive you of it. But—did you notice my guide this morning?—the man who carried my knapsack up the Niesen? He is an agent of the Swiss police. The man who led Miss Greenwood's horse, and afterward went on before us, is another. They are hunting up a little additional evidence against a person about whom they already entertain grave suspicions. They are in the house within a moment's call. Shall we ask for their assistance to find the check-book?"

"Dear me! How very strange!" he ejaculated, with well-acted, because unblushing surprise. "Here it is! That I should not have felt it before! It must have fallen from your coat upon mine, and worked itself in in the hurry of dressing. I am truly sorry that such a trifle should have caused us a moment's uneasiness. I am uncommonly delighted to have found it."

"And so am I," I dryly rejoined. "But allow me to hint that, however much we may regret to lose your company, the climate of Switzerland hardly agrees with you, and it might be prudent to change an air which is too sharp for you. Mr. and Miss Greenwood, as well as myself, would be sorry to see you—confined—to your room."

"You are probably right," he replied, unabashed. "I shall probably follow your friendly advice. The Alps do not quite suit me. It is a lovely evening—bright moonlight—for a leisurely stroll down the Niesen. I can not miss the path. I shall leave the horse here to avoid waking up the people at Wimmis; you can make use of it yourself to-morrow. I want no guide. Those men—" he hesitatingly added.

"I think you can do without either of them. They are probably supping below in the kitchen, and you can leave by the front door of the hotel. The Swiss authorities (who like things to go on smoothly) had just as soon avoid any unpleasantness which might have the effect of alarming strangers. I think they would not be displeased if you left their jurisdiction without being detained by any untoward event—arrested, for instance—by the severity of the weather."

"I am sure you are most considerate. By-the-way, *would* you have the goodness to change this ten-pound note for French gold? It will be so much more handy."

"Most assuredly. Here it is."

"A thousand thanks. Good-night. I wish you all a *very* good-night."

He left the room with a most graceful bow, without a blush on his face or a falter on his tongue. He was gone. We looked at each other for a while in silence.

"Well, I never!" Miss Greenwood at last exclaimed.

"Nor I, exactly," rejoined her father.

"I suppose I have had a narrow escape from having the worth of my signature tested," the young epicurean quietly observed.

"But tell us," said Mr. Greenwood, "how you came to find out this gentleman's real character and avocations. It was not *all* chiromancy—eh?"

"Well, the facts are these: I had heard rumors at Thun. The Sunday evening I spent at Wimmis waiting for your arrival I was alone. The showery weather kept me indoors. No doubt you have been haunted by the ghost of a tune; that evening I was haunted by God Save the Queen. It would never finish. Just as the first strain was over for the twentieth time, and it was the second strain's turn to come on—Make her victorious, Happy and glorious—I heard it taken up by a chorus of voices without. Was it the force of imagination? I opened the window. No, it was not. At the foot of the Niesen, God Save the Queen is a popular air. When the chorus had died away, I left the window open, to enjoy the rushing sound of the Simme's waters and the wind whispering among the fir-trees. My thoughts were running on any thing rather than Mr. Percy Howard's concerns, when grave voices in solemn debate rose from immediately beneath the window. I looked, and there was the Council of Village Notables assembled, standing in the open air in decorous order, in spite of the rain. One of the leaders was the landlord of the inn. Among other things they discussed the expected presence of, and the measures to be taken with respect to, a suspicious stranger, who could be no other than our departed friend. After the meeting had broken up, the subject was resumed in the public room. The landlord advised forbearance and the avoidance of making any fuss, while another excited advocate for the purging Switzerland of *all* scum whatsoever, broke wine-glass after wine-glass by thumping them on the table to enforce his arguments. Between the two I heard enough to remove from my mind all doubt or uncertainty. You have witnessed the sequel, and how chiromancy helped me to bring about the dénouement."

"And so the two men who acted as our guides are detectives on the track of our accomplished friend?"

"They are honest, simple, hard-working peasants, and no more policemen than you or I. It was a sudden idea of mine to invest them with that character, and you have seen the effect of a guilty conscience."

"But tell me now, seriously, Carter. Do you really believe in chiromancy?"

"I don't know enough about it to believe it. Without chiromancy it is possible to form some opinion of the persons who cross our path. But you see, at least, that it is capable of furnishing a formidable weapon to artful persons. If it could but give me the hand of her I love, that is all I wish or care for."

Mr. Greenwood opened his eyes, and kept silence—the best move a man can make on many occasions. Perhaps he did not understand, I thought; or, understanding, was his silence consent?

I believe we all slept sweetly and soundly in that lone wooden inn on the top of the Niesen. We had agreed not to ask the sunrise to wait for us to witness it. We breakfasted together; took a last lingering look at the wondrous landscape spread around us; and then wended our way downward. Aloft, was the silence of the wilderness; in descending, rural sounds again met our ears. There was the tinkling of bells worn by cows and goats, like distant village-peals ringing changes. The rush of waters and the rustling of leaves were once more audible.

On reaching the base of the mountain Maria alighted from her horse. Taking her father's arm on one side and mine on the other, she said to him, "I have become acquainted with a secret, which ought not to remain a secret between us three. Mr. Carter and I am engaged, if we can only obtain your permission. Won't you let me have my own way, just for this once? Yes, dear father, I am sure you will."

Instead of looking immensely astonished Mr. Greenwood kissed his daughter affectionately, and gave me a hearty shake of the hand.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

DESPERATE CONDITION OF SLIMSEY, WHO HAS BECOME DEEPLY INTERESTED IN A NOVEL, WHEN, NEARING THE END, HE FINDS THIRTY-SIX PAGES MISSING!

KING JOHN OF SAXONY.—The King of Saxony having been forced to knock under to Prussia, is recommended to accept the inevitable, or in other words, "to cut his coat according to his cloth." Considering the beating he has had, one may say that the Cloth in this case is decidedly "Saxony-double-milled."

LEGAL.—Why is a lawyer the most ill-used man in our social system?—Because, though he may drive his own carriage, he must draw the conveyances of other people.

GAY DE SEVRES.—They *were* gay desavers it seems who flattered the Irish that they could make high-class pottery in the Green Isle. The project has fallen to the ground. Strange that in Ireland they couldn't succeed in making an Irish Buhl!

MEAT IT IS!—An Irishman who has heard it stated that all flesh is grass, wishes to know whether hay is beef *à-la-mowed*.

A lady asked a pupil at a public school, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, marm," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

MY WIFE.

She tied the new cravat
  Which she so kindly made me;
Then smoothed with care my hat,
  And with her arms delayed me;
She brushed my "glossy hair,"
  And said "it was so curly!"
While going down the stair
  She cried, "Come home, dear, early!"

How happy then was I,
  With all I e'er desired;
I fortune could defy
  While thus I was admired!
We parted at the door—
  Her smile deserved a sonnet!
"Dear love, but one thing more:
  I want—a new fall bonnet!"

Prentice is recovering. He says: If you would remedy dyspepsia—diet. If you would remedy gray hair—dye it.

Subjects for conundrums being nearly exhausted, one desperate joker has gone back to our first parents, and inquires: "Why was Eve not afraid of the measles?—Because she'd 'Adam."

What's best to prevent old maids from despairing?—Echo: "Pairing."

ANOMALOUS ACT OF GENEROSITY.—Losing a friend, and then speaking of him as you find him.

A lady, seeing her lover running in great haste to meet her, observed to him that he must be in a very great hurry to run so fast. "Madam," replied the lover, "I was following my inclination."

ARABIAN COURTSHIP.—An Arabian having brought a blush to a maiden's cheek by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her, "My looks have planted roses in your cheeks; why forbid me to gather them? The law permits him who sows to reap a harvest."

THINGS UNKNOWN.

The young woman whose waist has ever been encompassed by an arm of the sea.

The cow that had calves on her legs.

The identical nose of the bellows that smelled a rat.

The person that was ever felt for by the heart of an oak.

The barber who was requested to shave the beard of an oyster.

The vocalist who can lay claim to having ever been listened to by an ear of corn.

The man who has ever been pushed by a shoulder of mutton.

The individual who was ever seen by the eye of a potato.

Any body unlucky enough to be abused by the mouth of any river.

The person who ever felt the breath from the lungs of a chest of drawers.

CRIBBAGE.—When a small boy turns knave and steals a lump of sugar out of the basin, it is a mere turn-up whether he "gets one" for his knob, or shows you two for his heels.

"I know every rock on the coast," said an Irish pilot. At that moment the ship struck, when he exclaimed, "And that's one of them!"

Why are people of short memories necessarily covetous?—Because they're always for-getting something.

THE EARLY BIRD.

It's well to praise the early bird
For picking worms, but it's absurd
To think that bird, you can not doubt it,
Would rise could worms be got without it.

THE CLEVEREST THING IMAGINABLE.—An Accomplished Fact.

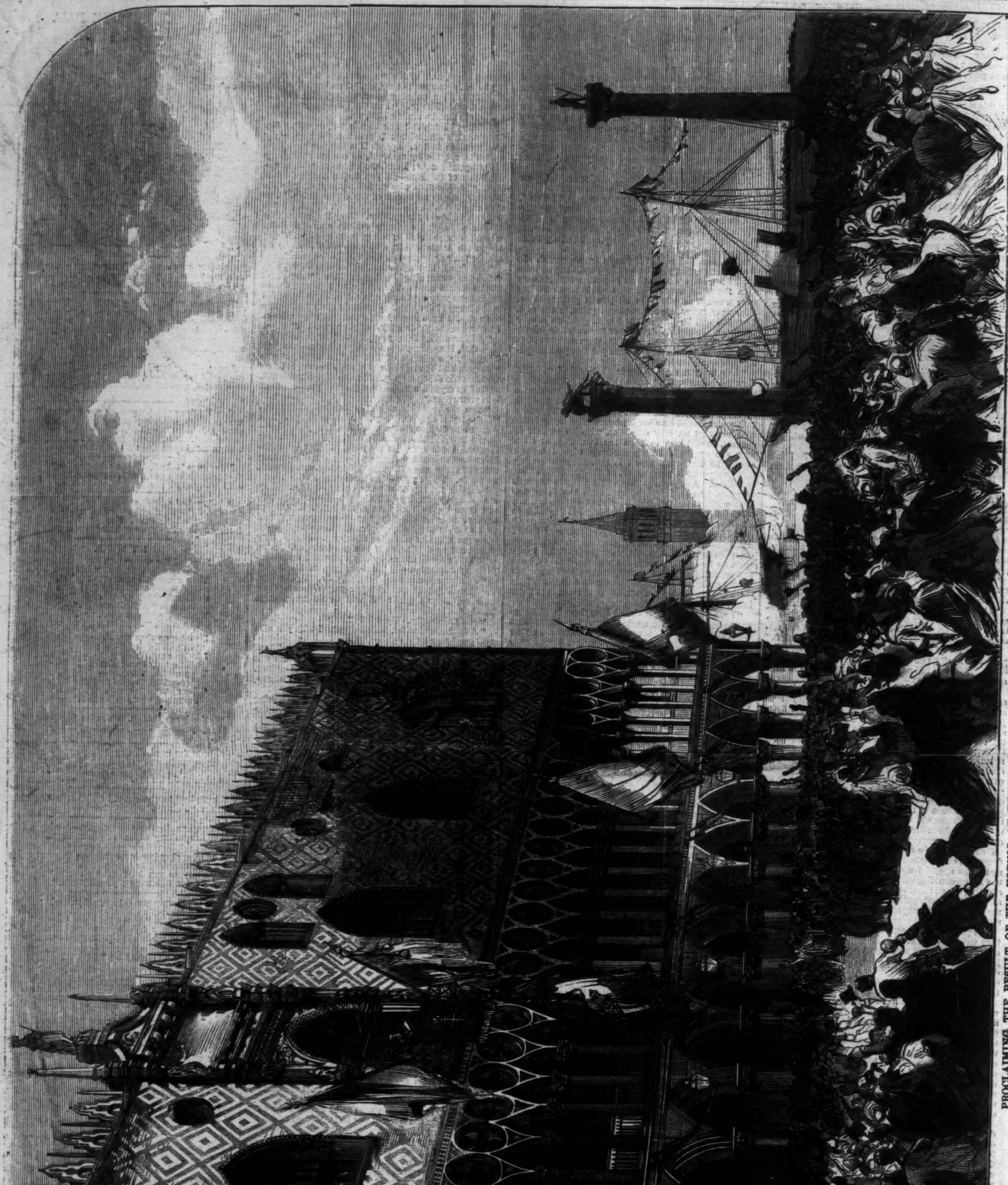
An advertisement says: "Wanted, a female who has a knowledge of fitting boots of a good moral character."

PROVERBS FROM A NEW POINT OF VIEW.

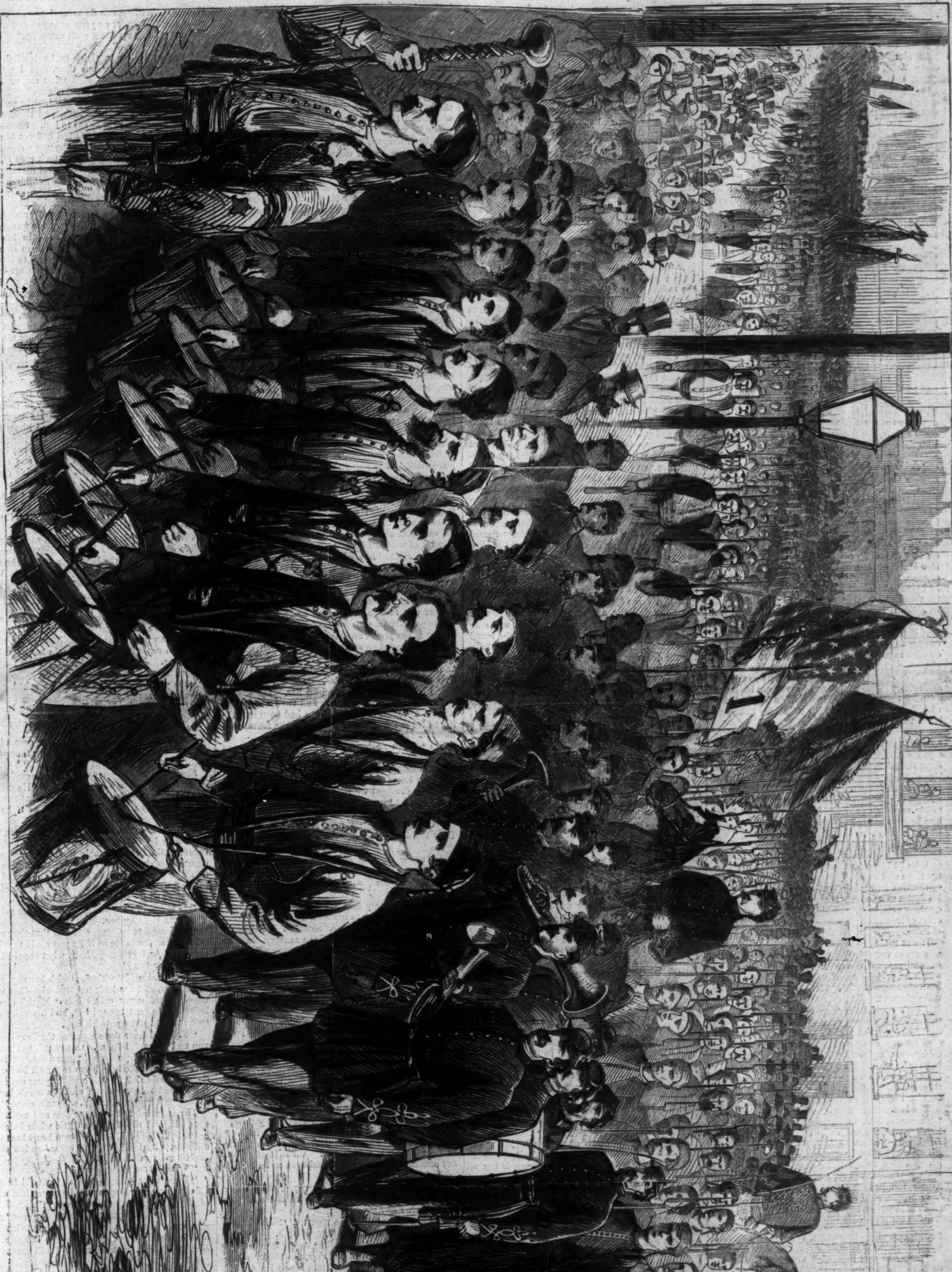
"It takes nine tailors to make a man"—but one is enough to ruin him.

"It's a long lane that has no turning"—but even with the present fashion of long trains you can't turn a *mousselin de laine*.

An Irish boy, trying hard to get a place, denied that he was Irish. "I don't know what you mean by not being an Irishman," said the gentleman who was about to hire him; "but this I do know—that you were born in Ireland." "Och! your Honor, if that's all, small blame that. Suppose your old cat had kittens in the oven, would they be loaves of bread?" The boy got the place.



PROCLAIMING THE RESULT OF THE VOTING AT VENICE FROM THE BALCONY OF THE DOGE'S PALACE.—[SEE PAGE 790.]



EVACUATION DAY—PARADE OF FIRST DIVISION, NEW YORK STATE MILITIA.—[Sketched by A. R. Ward.]

PAUL'S WIFE.

DR. VANDERPOOL was in a quandary. His brother Paul had died—handsome, extravagant Paul, always in difficulties, yet always beloved by every body, making money fast but spending it faster, and, of course, leaving not much behind him. Not much in the way of fortune, that is, but a good deal in the way of responsibility; for he left a widow and three children, the youngest a baby in arms. Dr. Vanderpool knew well enough that the income of what property there was would not more than clothe the four; and Paul's wife was an orphan, with no home to go back to. He knew, moreover, that she was as helpless as she was pretty. He remembered her well, though he had not seen her since her wedding-day, seven years before. He recalled the tender droop of the long lashes over her violet eyes—shy, sweet eyes that had beguiled Paul into matrimony, they and the baby smile the red lips wore.

Dr. Vanderpool himself had been proof against all such temptations. Shy eyes had drooped, and bright lips smiled for him in vain. What wonder that he found it hard to forgive Paul for being weaker, especially since to the other weakness he had added this last one of dying? It was a hard case for the Doctor. He was rich, had a splendid practice, and was not inhuman. Of course he could not see the wife and children of his only brother come to want; and what was more natural than that he, with a great, solitary, well-appointed, well-furnished house, should receive them into it? He knew that the world would expect it of him, and he never liked to disappoint the world. Yes, they must come to him, for a while at least, that was certain—when they should have had time to get over the worst of their sorrow, and look about them a little, it was possible some other plan might turn up.

So he wrote to Mrs. Paul, as he was in the habit of calling her. He hesitated a little about the beginning of his letter. Should he say dear sister? Somehow he did not feel as if there were any fraternal relationship between him and the pretty girl to whom he had said good-by on her bridal morning. Dear Mrs. Vanderpool—that was too cold. Dear Bessie—too familiar. He went back again to the "dear sister," and wrote it resolutely at the beginning of his letter. Poor thing! he would try to be a brother to her, he thought—that would be easy enough, too, if only it weren't for the children. He had always indulged a secret hatred for babies, doctor though he was. Of course he knew there must be children in the world—since the days of Adam and Eve there had been no such thing as coming into it full grown—they were necessary evils, of course, but evils he meant to have just as little to do with as possible. And now to have to take three of them under his own roof! He wrote on desperately, determined not to think what he was doing, and invited Paul's wife to come at once to his house as to her proper home. He would go for her if she wished—if it would add to her comfort. She must let him know her plans.

She wrote back a letter full of thanks. They could not stay where they were, and she would accept his offer for the present most gladly. But he must not think for a moment of coming for them. The children were quite used to Katy, their nurse, and she and Katy could get along with them very well on the journey. She would make her arrangements as soon as she could, and write again to let him know when to expect her. It would probably be in about ten days.

Dr. Vanderpool read the letter with a sigh of resignation. He should be as bad as married; nay, as if he had been married years ago, for hers were the three children. Well, perhaps it was righteous retribution for having lived selfishly, and neglected his duties to society. It seemed that he had got to do them now, in spite of himself. Ten days more, only, of freedom! Well, he would make the most of them.

It was autumn, and a healthy time. The Doctor was not so very busy, and he began to give a series of gentlemen's dinners. If there was one thing on which he prided himself more than another it was his little dinner-parties. He knew just how to make them pleasant. He never asked too many people. His cook could have taught Professor Blot some things, and his wines were of the choicest. Not a man in his set but praised his dinners, and would give up any other engagement to come to them. Of course, after Mrs. Paul's advent they would have to be done with. Such things wouldn't answer in the house with a woman in deep mourning and her three children. So he meant to entertain his friends all round before the invasion.

The last dinner came off on the tenth day after the receipt of Mrs. Vanderpool's letter. He had not heard from her again, so he thought he was safe. In this final effort he had outdone himself, and his cook had wrought miracles. Soup, fish, boiled, roast, entrées, sweets, and at last dessert was on the table. Muscat, Tokay, Chambertin, Canary, and White Hermitage for wines. Splendid black Hamburg grapes, pale green Malagas clear as crystal, pears of every variety, nuts, and comfits.

"And all that the daintiest palate could wish;"

for the crowning glory of Dr. Vanderpool's dinners was always the dessert.

They were just beginning to enjoy themselves, and the Doctor, sipping his wine, was telling his guests of the change about to take place in his life—picturing himself domesticated with a wife whom he did not marry, and children who would never call him father. And just as his dolorous self-commiserations and his guests' laughter were at their height, a carriage was heard to stop in front of the house, and Dr. Vanderpool looked out of the window. He turned round, with consternation on his face:

"By Jove, gentlemen, she's come without a word of warning! Just like a woman. Make yourselves as merry as you can, and don't spare the wine. I must go."

So the Doctor vanished, and they heard his voice presently in the hall, and pure, sweet, clear tones answering him:

"You didn't receive my letter? I am so sorry! It will follow me, I suppose; and yet I sent it two days before I started. I am so afraid I have inconvenienced you by coming unexpectedly."

The sweet pleading voice, the shy, uplifted eyes, the flitting blushes, were not without their effect on Dr. Vanderpool.

"You know you are to feel that this is home," he answered, "and that you are always welcome, whether expected or not. Here is Mrs. Willing, my housekeeper, and she shall show you to your rooms, and then give you a sort of tea-dinner—that is what you ladies like, is it not? By that time I will be ready to come to you in the drawing-room. So these are the children?"

"Yes. Little Bess is the oldest. She is almost six. Then there is Paul; and that baby in Katy's arms is your namesake—little Mark."

He thought she would tell them to kiss him, and braced himself to bear the infliction; but she said nothing about it, and he began to think that, after all, she had more sense than he had expected of her. At any rate it was a good deal better than if she had been plain; it would be something to have a pretty face at his fireside; and, save that she looked a little paler, Bessie was just as pretty as when she had gone away on the aforesaid bridal morning. He waited till Mrs. Willing had taken her in charge, promising to make her comfortable, and then he went back to his guests.

But somehow he could not be as gay as before. As I said, he was not a hard-hearted man; and, after all, Paul had been his brother, his only brother; and the child Bessie looked like a little miniature of her father. It was impossible that he should meet those bonny hazel eyes of hers unmoved. It touched him, too, to see his sister-in-law in her deep widow's mourning, her young face so shadowed and saddened.

His guests felt the change in him, and did not sit long. When they left he went into the drawing-room, but it was some time before Bessie joined him. He was very earnest in his inquiries after her comfort: had Mrs. Willing given her a good dinner? did she like her rooms? were the children very tired? what sort of journey had she had? She answered all his questions, and then conversation began to languish, and the Doctor reflected how great a stranger Paul's wife really was to him, and wondered whether they should prove to have any tastes and fancies in common. He was lugging forward subjects as industriously as he could, trying to make talk. She was listening and responding, full of secret uneasiness all the while about her darlings, away from her in this strange house, missing her, perhaps, though she was sure Katy would do her best. After a while she heard steps which she knew pit-a-patting along the hall, and the door opened softly. It was little Bess.

"Please, mamma, Paul won't say his prayers to Katy, and Mark won't stop crying, and Katy says he's tired and wants you. We tried to get on without you, but somehow we couldn't."

"Yes, dear, I'll come. Brother Mark, it seems selfish to turn your house into a nursery, and I know all this confusion will trouble you."

"Only one thing would trouble me, and that is for you not to feel at home, and to be always worrying for fear I was disturbed."

This was not untrue. Since she must come, he really wanted her to be happy.

She was gone an hour, and when she came back she reported that they were all asleep except Bess, and *she* was the family old lady, and would give no trouble. Then Dr. Vanderpool ventured—though half afraid of hurting her feelings—a question about Paul, and found that she seemed to consider it a relief to speak of him. She told him all about their life in the gay Western city; how kind and tender and generous Paul had always been; how sudden his sickness was, and how all through it he had seemed to be disturbed by the thought that he should leave such slight provision for her and the children. And then she looked up at the Doctor suddenly, with tears in those tender violet eyes of hers, and said:

"Oh, what *should* we have done if it hadn't been for you? I felt so lonely, so helpless, till you opened your doors to us like a haven of refuge. I pray God that I may live to make some return for your goodness."

Dr. Vanderpool felt that he was not entitled to so much gratitude. He had written to her unwillingly enough, he was conscious; feeling all the time that it was an awful bore, though something the world would expect of him, and something he could not satisfy his own conscience without doing. But he was not worthy of her thanks. Poor helpless little thing! He thought as he looked at her that the man who would not be kind to her must be a poor creature indeed.

After that matters went on very well. Mrs. Paul was not a woman of genius; nor had she much of that aggressive energy which would enable her to push her own fortunes in the world. But she compensated for these and several other deficiencies by a wonderful amount of tact—or perhaps the quality deserves a better name than tact, for it sprang from real, unselfish consideration for the tastes and happiness of other people. She knew that Dr. Vanderpool did not like children, so she made her small household as little burdensome to him as possible. She never suffered them to be obtruded upon his attention. When they had been there six months he would hardly have known them had he met them upon the street, with the exception of little Bess. She was such a womanly little being that her mother did not think it was necessary to banish her; and her Uncle Mark often found her curled up like a dormouse in some big arm-chair with a book in her hand—always and every where a book. He took to her wonderfully. She was so thoughtful, so quiet, she had so much quaint wisdom, such still, grave ways. Then, too, out of her face his dead brother's eyes seemed always to look at him, and carried him back to some of the softness and tenderness of childhood. She loved him, moreover, with an unpresuming devotion which might have stirred a colder heart than his. She never climbed into his lap, or bothered him with questions, or interfered with him in any way. But when he did notice her, when he stopped to talk to her or took her a little while on his knee, the small sweet face would become fairly radiant with pleasure, and to call out this look grew to be one of his chief delights.

Mrs. Vanderpool, too, was quiet and unobtrusive. She never was in his way, and yet he never failed to find her ready to entertain him. He grew to think it was not altogether a bad arrangement which had brought him such inmates. Once or twice he wondered whether he himself might not have been tempted to commit matrimony if he had found in time such a woman as Mrs. Paul—so unconsciously beautiful, so unselfish, understanding so well her own sphere, and keeping in it so steadily. Not that now he ever thought of marrying her, lovely as she was. A widow with three children! To such a suggestion most men would probably say, "No, I thank you."

When she had been there a year the severity of her mourning began to relax a little. She wore black still, but it was a sort of mitigated black, and became her exquisitely, as the Doctor couldn't help noticing. Her soft, golden-brown hair waved away from her fair, pensive face, without the disfiguring widow's cap; and when he came in one day, and found her sitting on the floor playing with her children, he thought she looked scarcely more than a child herself.

About this time she coaxed him to resume his gentleman's dinner parties. She had heard from Mrs. Willing how much he enjoyed them, and she could not bear that he should give them up any longer for her sake. He sent out cards of invitation, and the men, remembering with zest the gay old times, came eagerly. But something was wanting. The preparations were made as liberally as of old, and there were some added touches of grace and beauty—Mrs. Vanderpool's thought—in the flowers which breathed their fragrance every where, and the leaf garlands which entwined the baskets of fruit. But, somehow, it seemed to Dr. Vanderpool as if the salt had lost its savor. The guests told old stories. Had they grown dull, or "did he dream they were brighter before?" He rather missed his usual quiet dinner—with Mrs. Paul's gentle face opposite, and the children, as the custom had grown to be of late, coming in with the dessert. They joked him, some of them, about his family cares, and he felt that their wit was coarse.

At the next dinner he insisted on Mrs. Vanderpool's presence at the table; and *she*, willing enough to please him, went in and staid until after the dessert was brought on. And by-and-by they all went up into the drawing-room, and found her there, sitting at the piano, and singing softly an old song. He was annoyed to see how they all admired her. She had been quite a belle before she married Paul, and the Doctor thought there was a spice of the old coquetry in her manner now. It vexed him to see how his friends clustered round her. He wished he had let her stay up stairs; and then was unjust enough to blame her because she had been so willing to leave the children as soon as she found that he wished it.

He was in no hurry to give the next dinner; and before he had got ready for it something happened which put all such ideas out of his mind. He went home one night at quite a late hour, having been detained by a difficult case. Mrs. Paul heard him let himself in, and as he took off his coat in the hall she glided down the stairs.

"Oh, brother, little Bess is so very, very ill! How thankful I am that you are home at last!"

He looked at her, and her face shone strangely white under the hall gas-light. He put his arm round her to steady her as they went up the stairs together, and said, with a new gentleness in his tone:

"Poor girl! poor Bessie!"

She led the way into her own room.

"I've brought her in here," she said. "I thought it was best to keep her out of the nursery until we knew for a certainty what was the matter."

By this time he stood over the bedside. The child lay in a sort of stupor, her eyes half open, with a strange, glassy look in them, her cheeks and lips a vivid scarlet. He looked at her a while, counted her flying pulses, turned down the little night-gown, and glanced at the burning flesh underneath. Then he turned to his sister-in-law pityingly.

"She has scarlet-fever," he said. "We must lose no time. She is very sick indeed."

Bessie Vanderpool's face grew ghastly. She knelt down at the Doctor's feet, and looked at him with a wild, unnatural light in her eyes.

"Oh, keep her alive!" she said. "I shall die if I lose my darling! Oh, brother Mark, as you hope for the mercy of Heaven, do not let her die!"

The violence of her emotion frightened him. He had not known it was in her. What if, after all, her nature were not as calm and even as he had always fancied?

"I will do my best," he answered, soothingly; "and you, Bessie, you must be calm too, if you are to do her any good."

She was on her feet in a moment, still and resolute, ready to obey his least suggestion.

For two weeks they watched together over little Bess—the mother night and day, the Doctor whenever he could spare an hour from his patients. He began to understand Paul's wife as he had never understood her before—to see how much unselfish love and quiet heroism was in this timid, girlish creature.

For a long time he had no hope for little Bess, but her mother never despaired. It was her faith, and her tireless devotion that triumphed at last, rather than Dr. Vanderpool's skill. One day he came in from a drive and looked at the child with a brightening face.

"She will live," he said; "but I think only a mother could have saved her."

"Oh, thank God, *thank* God!" she cried, chokingly, and then burst into a fit of hysterical sobbing.

"I have let you half kill yourself," he said, trying to soothe her, "but you will have your reward. Now Mrs. Willing can do as well as you, and you must rest. I insist on your going to bed at once, and not getting up again until morning."

"But, brother—"

"Bessie, I have a right to be trusted. You know, or ought to by this time, that I won't let little Bess suffer. You *must* mind me, or I shall have two patients here instead of one."

She went then, meekly as a child. She undressed herself, took a refreshing bath, and then, for the first time in two weeks, went to bed. She thought she could not sleep, but her head had not been five minutes on the pillow before she was wrapped in a slumber which Dr. Vanderpool took care that nothing should interrupt until the next morning.

Katy had taken the two younger children out of the house to a quiet boarding-place, as soon as they knew the nature of little Bessie's illness; and the Doctor reckoned a morning and evening visit to them among his regular duties. He was getting, in these visits, curiously interested in his baby nephews. He had never noticed them much before; but now it was impossible to go to the little fellows, taken away thus from the mother-love in which their hearts delighted, without a feeling of tender pity which drew him on, before he knew it, into a systematic course of petting. They grew very fond of him. Mark, his namesake, was now a sturdy boy of two, and Paul was past four. When the Doctor began to find out what nice boys they really were, and how delightful were their coaxing, merry ways, he wondered a little at his old aversion to children.

This night, after he had sent their mother to bed, he went to them as usual. He found them in rosy health, and felt satisfied that all fear of their having taken the disease was past. He went back then with a light heart, and prepared himself for a night sitting beside little Bess. Having pledged himself to her mother that she should not be neglected, he would not intrust to any one else the task of watching her. Mrs. Willing lay down in the next room to be within call in case any thing was needed, and he took his seat by the shaded lamp with a medical journal in his hand. But he did not cut the leaves. Somehow his thoughts kept him busy.

They went back again to the old, easy-going life before Paul's wife and Paul's children came—the idle, careless ways, the luxurious habits, the sumptuous dinners. Had he been happier then? Would he change back now? Would he be willing Bessie should carry her little brood into some other man's home, sit at some other man's fireside, lifting up her shy sweet eyes, uttering her low, gentle welcomes? He felt, vaguely, that she would leave behind her an insupportable loneliness—that the old life could never be the same again as it was before she came. Just then little Bess waked up, and begged for a drink of water.

"Do you know me, childie?" he asked, gently, as he bent over her.

"Oh yes, Uncle Mark," and turning her head she touched her lips to the hand that was smoothing her pillow. "Where is mamma?"

"Resting, dear. She has taken care of you, night and day, for two weeks, and now that you are getting better I have sent her to bed."

She asked no more questions, but seemed perfectly contented with him for nurse. He found a strange sweetness in this child's love that so trusted him—almost, as he said to himself, as if he were her father.

Two weeks more, and the household began to fall back into its old ways. The children had come home; little Bess was able to sit up; and so one night, after the nursery was quiet, the mother came down for the first time in a month to her old place in the drawing-room. When Dr. Vanderpool came up stairs and found her his face brightened.

"It is good to see you here again," he said, sitting down close by her.

"And good to be here, and feel that they are all safe. It seems to me as if I never could thank God enough. And you too, Mark, what should I have done but for you?"

She looked up into his face with her shy, sweet, violet eyes, and the look tempted him—her words, too—she had never called him "Mark" like that before. He bent toward her, and his voice shook so it sounded strange to himself.

"Bessie, I have done no more than my duty for you and yours. I deserve no reward, but you said once you wished you *could* reward me. Will you give me yourself, and pay me so for all I ever have done or could do? I will care for your children as if they had been my own; and if a man's love can make you happy mine shall. Speak, child!"

The swift color stained her face and neck. Her eyes fell, and she waited a little while before she answered. He could hear his own heart beat in the stillness. At last her words came—so low that he could hardly catch them.

"Would it be right, Mark?"

"Upon my soul I do believe it would be right. I do believe that Paul would be more than willing to give his orphans into my keeping."

"I never thought of this before—never for one moment. You must let me have time to know my own heart. Do not ask me about it again. As soon as I can understand myself I will answer you, yes or no."

Then she went away from him, and he sat vaguely wondering at himself—remembering how he had dreaded her coming, and realizing how much dearer now than all other hopes of his life was this one of keeping her forever. Children and all; he would not have spared one of them.

Ten days went by, seeming strangely long to Mark Vanderpool, not a patient man by nature. Bessie avoided him, he thought. Would she ever be ready to answer him? Would her answer mean hope or despair?

At last one night she came to him of her own accord as he sat looking moodily into the grate. Kneeling down beside him, she laid her head against his knee.

"Do you really want me?" she asked, "children and all?"

"I really want you." His tone was solemn with the earnestness of his love; strong with the force of his passion.

"I do not think I am good enough for you," she murmured. "Neither would I give myself to you as a reward for all your generous kindness. But if my love is worth any thing you have it."

He had her in his arms before she knew it, and was kissing her with kisses so eager that they startled her, murmuring over her such fond words as she had never dreamed this reserved, self-centred man could utter. They sounded curiously even to him as they fell on his own ears though his whole heart was in them. I doubt if gay, gallant Paul had ever loved her half so well; and I think her nature was stirred to a depth her girlhood never knew. She was almost frightened to feel how happy she was.

So the home to which she had come for refuge in her sorrow became the abiding-place of her joy. Before the spring opened she was the wife of Mark Vanderpool, and her children found in the old hater of babies the most tender of fathers.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA, *Nov.* 26, 1866.

Friend Weekly:

In this right-angled city, which if their ways were as right as their angles they would do well, I feel I must address thee in the plain language, for I have just been to the Woman's Rights and Lefts and Equal Suffrage Convention, held here last Saturday, and I heard some very plain language. On the platform, which was very broad, was Mrs. ELIZABETH ARCADY STANDING, Mrs. LUCY LONGSTONE, MRS. SUSAN BEANTHONY, and Rev. Miss OBLIVION DARK BROWN. Among the gentlemen were Mr. FREDERICK DUGOUT and others, to give color to the affair. As soon as I made my appearance one of the Equal Suffragessers accosted me, and asked me if I was not the flying correspondent to *Harper's Weekly*. I owned the soft impeachment. Then said she: "I suppose thee is among those that think women ought to do nothing but nurse babies, and other household duties; but when thee remembers that many of us have no such duties, nor ever expect to have any, thee should be glad that we are left to arrange for the nursing of the Republic; for thee must own that, judging from things at the White House, one would suppose that the infant Republic had been brought up on the bottle." This remark seemed to me so poetical that I thought I would send you a sketch of what was probably in the fair speaker's mind at the time.

ANDY NURSING THE INFANT REPUBLIC, AND TRYING TO IMPROVE ITS CONSTITUTION.

Mrs. ELIZABETH ARCADY STANDING, the *non-elect*, as you may remember, was the first speaker. She was dressed very nice. I don't know the names of the moire antiques and things, but she looked beautiful. ELIZABETH came forward and said: "I am sorry that our venerable Presidentess, Mrs. LUCRETIA MOTT, is not here, as our Mott-oh is for equal suffrage." Mr. FREDERICK DUGOUT here rose and said that was a joke. (Great Applause.) "This is an equal suffrage organization. JOHN BRIGHT tells us that five out of every seven millions of Englishmen can not vote. Now I am not BRIGHT (A voice: 'Yes you are, Betsy'), but I do say that there is about that proportion of Americans that are disfranchised; and we must labor until a woman's right at the polls will be denied by none."

ONE OF THE STRONG-MINDED "RUSHING TO THE POLL."

ELIZABETH now introduced Mrs. LUCY LONGSTONE, who, in coming forward, was greeted with warm applause, and proceeded to say:

"The advocates of equal suffrage are down on both political parties. The Republicans talked of 'universal suffrage,' but meant masculine suffrage all the time; and those who had been our professed friends 'went back on us.' (Applause.) Then we resolved to make fight with the colored class, 'for the colored troops fought nobly,' and with them to strike, like MORRISSEY, straight from the shoulder. (Cheers.) It is proposed to insult the mothers and sisters of the land by putting the word 'male' into the Constitution; and I see the Postmaster-General is advertising for *mail* contracts (Cries of 'Joke! joke!'), and designating certain lines of travel as mail routes, as though a female route wasn't worth mentioning. (Cheers.) My friends, a female route on a shopping day is one of the most interesting things, except the female herself, in nature. (Cries of 'Bully!' and 'Good!') It always seemed to me absurd to quote the Declaration of Independence about all *men* being created equal, ignoring the fact that women were ever created at all. All men are created equal to what? Equal to the women they are in some things, but not in knowing how to vote. Do you suppose any woman would have voted for MORRISSEY for Congress? No! They would as soon think of voting for THAD STEVENS, or any other old bachelor. The women are loyal; they all go for Union *to a man*." (Cheers.) Mr. FREDERICK DUGOUT here rose and said that was another joke. (Renewed cheering.) That union to a man was a union that did not depend upon force of arms. (A voice: "Is that a joke?") FREDERICK: "No, Sir; I am not here to make jokes, but merely to explain them for others." (Cheers.)

LUCY continued: "In Great Britain there is a movement on foot to demand the ballot for women." FREDERICK again rose and said that the reason it got along so slow was because it was on *foot*. It had better take a carriage." (Cries of "Joke! joke!") "And," continued Lucy, "I'm afraid they will succeed before we will."

A SUFFERER OF "EQUAL SUFFRAGE."

An "equal righter" now came forward and read the following resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, That if liberty and the pursuit of happiness are natural and inalienable rights, then we should all have our "latch-key," and the men should take their turns at the cradle; and any arrangement of society that looked to one sphere for man and another for a woman was a one-sided arrangement, and was unworthy a free people. (Cheers.)

2. *Resolved*, That we hold with LAMARTINE that there is no reason why a Restaurant-Keeper should not sell with his Spring Chickens Spring Bonnets, Artificial Flowers with his Cauliflowers, and Crinolines with Early Pease. (Cheers.)

3. *Resolved*, That we recommend the election of women to the delegate and primary elections; that very unworthy men are nominated because the brutal ones control the nominations; that we form a "ring," to secure the right man in the right place. (Immense cheering.)

After the resolutions had been considered ELIZABETH came forward and said:

"I desire, before this Convention go further, to insist that this body indulge in no fulsome adulation of the Republican party. Why, JAMES BROOKS, of New York, was the only Congressman last winter that had the nerve and decency to present the woman-suffrage memorial to Congress." (Cheers for the decency of BROOKS.)

The Rev. Miss OBLIVION DARK BROWN now spoke. She said that GREELEY believed in woman suffrage, but wouldn't advocate it because he wanted to get into the Senate, and he was afraid the picture-papers would make fun of him. She was not afraid of the papers nor any pictures; had her photograph taken and hung out in Broadway, New York, and didn't care who saw it. Women are frivolous because they are irresponsible; our grandmothers didn't want to vote because they had work to do; but now we can get ladies from Ireland to do all the work for $2 50 a week and board, and that leaves us more leisure to enter upon new duties. Some one had spoken about nursing babies. All that could be dispensed with. She had seen a new invention of a cradle, which you wound up as you do a clock, and you could go out and give a lecture, and the cradle would swing until you came back. Thus the baby gave you full swing, as you did the same for it. (Cheers.) And as for the grown-up children, when the house gets too full you can send them to boarding-school, where they will always be glad to receive them with a fork, towel, and spoon. Miss BROWN said, in some of these matters she spoke without personal knowledge, as she never had a family; but she thought that women should vote first and marry afterward, as she expected to do, though it might be a long time before she could vote. (Cheers.)

After Miss BROWN had concluded the meeting listened to some speeches by the other sex for a few minutes, when they soon insisted u on an adjournment.

Miss BROWN then approached me, and seeing my massive brow, asked me if I was connected with the press. I replied that I reported for *Harper*. She said she hoped to see the time when women would set all the type on that paper, revise all the editorials, and when a smart and interesting girl would be the "devil." I replied that I hoped to see that time myself, at which she grasped my hand cordially. I tell you, dear *Weekly*, that I referred entirely to the last half-dozen words of her remark. Your own C. O. W.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NOWADAYS a set of furs, of some kind, is regarded as an almost indispensable portion of a lady's winter wardrobe. The Russian, Hudson Bay, and American Sable, or Mink, as it is usually called, are the most desirable and durable kinds, while the Ermine, Chinchilla, and Siberian squirrel are much worn, and very pretty. Ermine, however, can not so well be worn on all occasions, and is especially appropriate for evening wear.

But animals of various kinds are made to meet the universal demand for furs. The Astrakhan fur or wool was used to some extent last winter; and this year the "Persianer," a wool obtained from sheep of Persia, and which is fine and glossy, is made into pelerines and short jackets for skating, as well as into collars and muffs.

It may not be generally known that an animal, whose name is usually discarded from polite society, is beginning to occupy a prominent position in the export as well as internal trade of the country. Let not the reader shrink in disgust, for the fact is that the traffic in the skin of the much-abused skunk now amounts to quite a handsome sum per year. Large shipments have been recently made to Russia, where these skins are used for the caps of grenadiers, while many are manufactured into muffs in this country. But do not imagine that a single muff is sold under the name of the original owner of the fur. By no means. In the first place, by the wonderful application of chemistry an entire metamorphosis takes place, rendering it impossible to recognize any of the original features of the skin; not the slightest odor is perceptible, and then it is announced as the "Prairie Badger," the "Colorado Catamount," the "Australian Wolf," or by some other taking title. Thus christened it is transformed into something rich and rare, and fashion settles the rest.

Why is the "Cecilian Choir" so called? is a question with many on reading the musical advertisements of the day. In brief, because St. Cecilia was the patron saint of music. But those who have recently heard the Oratorio of "Samson" performed by Dr. Cutler's choir—composed largely of boy sopranos—have doubtless noticed a pretty little story about St. Cecilia upon the programme. She was a Roman lady, born of noble parents, about the year 296. Notwithstanding she had been converted to Christianity, her parents married her to a young Pagan nobleman named Valerianus, who, on the wedding-night, was told that Cecilia was nightly visited by an angel, and that he must forbeamto approach her, otherwise the angel would destroy him. Valerianus desired to see his rival, the angel, but he was told it was impossible unless he would consent to be baptized and become a Christian. To this he consented. Afterward he found his wife at prayer in her closet, and by her side an angel clothed with brightness. Valerianus entreated him that his brother Tibertius might be a partaker of the spiritual grace which he himself had received. The angel answered that his desire was granted, and that they both should be crowned with martyrdom in a short time. Upon this the angel vanished. Shortly after Tibertius was converted, and both he and Valerianus were beheaded. Cecilia was offered her life upon condition that she would sacrifice to the Roman deities; but she refused, and died a martyr to the Christian religion.

The tradition is that St. Cecilia excelled in music, and that the angel was drawn from the celestial regions by the charms of her melody; hence she came to be regarded as the patroness of music and musicians.

The Mercantile Library of this city has introduced what we think will be a very popular improvement in its management. Books will be delivered at the residences of any members who choose to provide themselves with blank orders and delivery stamps, which are sold at the price of twenty for one dollar. The order with a stamp on it is sent to the Library by mail or otherwise, and the book wanted will be delivered at the person's residence, and the book to be returned taken away.

The members of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria, Vancouver's Island—some of them, at least—are possessed of good lungs, and extraordinary perseverance. It is reported that a certain Mr. M'Clure recently spoke for seventeen hours without pausing or sitting down. His opponents made every effort to tire him out, refusing to allow him to lean against the table, to put his foot upon a chair for a moment, to relieve himself from the irksomeness of his position by resting his hand upon any thing, or to speak, in short, in any other than a rigidly erect and unsupported attitude. He "stood it out," however, and gained his point.

English papers bring us accounts of the display of meteors; which, it seems, occurred, as was anticipated by astronomers, and was visible in Great Britain, though not in this country. The shower was very brilliant, and lasted several hours. The London *Express* says:

"Many of the meteors appeared to have a yellowish light, others a deep red. So near to us did some of them appear that their resemblance to rockets occurred to every one, and we almost seemed to listen for the rush through the air. During the transit of the meteors the light of the other stars was scarcely to be noticed. The noiseless course gave a thrill that no artificial splendors could produce. In some cases the passage was brief and the light faint; in others, a large portion of the sky was traversed, and the luminousness both prolonged and intense. The soft-gliding motion, if such a term may be employed, was a striking characteristic."

The University of the City of New York has received a munificent addition to its endowment from Mr. Loring Andrews, a merchant of our city. The aggregate sum is $100,000. It is to be applied as follows: For a professorship of logic, intellectual and moral sciences, $25,000; for a professorship of the evidences of revealed religion and evangelical theology, $25,000; to complete a Greek professorship, $15,000; for a professorship of political science, $15,000; for medals and premiums to be awarded for proficiency in various branches, the income of $10,000; for chemical and philosophical apparatus, the income of $10,000.

There is now living in Rome, Oneida County (says an exchange), a lady ninety-four years of age, who has a son living seventy-five years old, a grandson fifty-five, and a great-grandson thirty-three years old, and a great-grand-daughter less than three years old. This reminds one of the town out West that was so healthy that the selectmen were obliged to kill a man in order to start a grave-yard.

Custom-house officers should not be *too* sharp. A keen one, on the Canada line, lately stopped a woman carrying a bundle. "What have you there?" he demanded. She hesitated, stammered, and then said: "Nothing dutiable." He insisted on seeing it. She resisted at first, but at length surrendered the suspected package, saying, "Take it, then, and much good may it do you!" While she went on her way he proceeded to examine his treasure, which proved to be an infant a few days old. The unfortunate officer finds the duties heavier than he expected.

A gentleman in London, having occasion one night to visit the office of a London and Glasgow telegraph company, found the door shut, and the porter inside, whose duty it was to open it, so fast asleep, and the clerk in charge so far up stairs, that no amount of knocking could obtain him admission. He went to an adjoining office and telegraphed to Glasgow, requesting the clerk there to telegraph back to the clerk in the office of the first-mentioned company, directing him to go down stairs and awake the porter. This was successfully done, and the door opened, in about twenty minutes.

Another recent telegraphic feat is, that an order, just received at San Francisco from England for 500 barrels of flour, was transmitted by cable and overland telegraph and the order filled and advices returned to the sender by telegraph on the same day.

It is stated that the Massachusetts Historical Society has offered $3000 for an old-fashioned English watch, which formerly belonged to Benjamin Franklin, and is now in the possession of a gentleman residing near Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The case is of heavy silver, and the movement is still in good running order.

A singular "fish" story is told by a Pennsylvania paper. A certain German gentleman went fishing with some friends. Not having good luck time passed slowly, and the German took out his watch—a fine gold one—when a sudden jerk of his line so startled him that he let go his watch, which struck his knee and bounded off into the water, his line parting at the same instant with a sudden snap. Finding it useless to fish for the watch, the friends started for home; but, rather ashamed of their bad luck, they bought a few fishes, as other unlucky fishermen have before them. The German bought an eight-pound bass; on inspecting which he found a fish-hook sticking in its gills resembling the one he had lost. It was with a kind of savage joy that he anticipated the pleasure of eating the prime cause of his ill luck; but, strange to tell, upon cutting the fish open, he found his watch, which had not even stopped ticking.

Not long since a cousin of the French Emperor died at the Tuileries, in Paris. He was First Chamberlain and Superintendent of the Imperial Theatres. He had seventeen grand-crosses of the highest, selectest orders in Europe. But though possessed of honors and riches, Count Bacciochi was the victim of a nervous disease which tortured him with barbarous cruelty. He could not remain still without suffering the acutest pain. The nerves of motion were affected. He transacted business on foot; he dictated letters as he paced his office. He listened to the performance of operas in his latticed box, which had no seat in it, and was covered with a thick carpet that he might walk during the whole performance. Often sleep would not come to him until he had so exhausted the body that the nerves were insensible to pain. On one occasion he walked without intermission for thirty-six hours, trying to subdue pain by fatigue.

The soles of his feet were red, as if they had been boiled, and blood had been forced through all their pores. The Emperor gave him rooms adjoining one of the largest passages of the Tuileries, and had it covered with a thick Aubusson carpet, that the poor patient might make his painful round with least pain. He died of sheer exhaustion from want of sleep. Shortly before he died he murmured, "Norine! Norine!" repeatedly. "What is that? Do you want any thing?" asked one of the persons present. "Don't question me," replied the fast dying man. But Norine was the name of his first love—once a little shop-girl of Leghorn—whose memory had been to him an oasis in life's desert.

A singular incident recently occurred in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. A young lady of pleasing appearance, and, apparently, of unusual intelligence, went before the Mayor of that place, gave her name, and stated that she was the daughter of a physician in Logansville, Indiana, but that she wished him to place her out of harm's way, as she was laboring under an uncontrollable impulse to murder others. At the same time she took a package of strychnine from her stocking and handed it over to an officer. She was placed under suitable supervision.

Some time since an association was formed to colonize Palestine; and recently the news was received that 156 Americans, members of this association, had reached Jaffa, or Joppa, and settled in the vicinity of that place. The locations occupied by them are in close proximity to the famous orange gardens, which perfume the "Valley of Sharon" almost away to Ramleh. The local authorities afforded every facility to the new-comers, their baggage and a large cargo of building wood which they brought with them having been allowed to pass the custom-house duty free.

FACT OR FANCY?

"Do you believe in ghosts?" Few questions are ever asked more idle. But the general answer, "I do," or "I do not," is worthy of it; that is to say, if "I do not believe" is to be taken in its fullest sense of dogmatic unbelief. It is impossible, in the first place, to help admitting some belief in ghosts, for that belief runs through all the history of mankind. People of all nations, languages, and religious creeds have believed in ghosts in all ages. In days as skeptical as the present the wisest of the classic ancients told their ghost-stories, wisely refraining from saying whether they believed them or not. No man among the Romans was less superstitious than the skeptical poet Lucretius; yet, instead of repudiating the existence of ghosts, he proceeds to account for them on perfectly natural and scientific principles, as being filmy emanations from the people to whom they belong.

Pliny the Younger has a famous story of a haunted house, with its usual dramatic incidents. Cicero believes, at all events, in the fact of spectres appearing to the dreaming. The difficulty in all cases is scientific verification, and this is a difficulty which, from the nature of the subject, appears insoluble. That the appearance of a spirit in the sleeping or waking state has been a mental fact to numberless persons is undeniable; the question remains whether or not this mental fact is to be considered in the light of the usual phenomena of external nature; whether, to use the language of philosophy, it has an objective existence. Perhaps no person is entirely without experiences of the kind, either at first hand or second hand; and a record of such experiences, however trivial, is always interesting, although no possible accumulation of facts may lead us any nearer to the final determination of the general question. For instance, I have the following case on such unquestionable authority that I can not for a moment dispute it:

Many years ago a young surgeon, on board a man-of-war in the Indian seas, was observed by his messmates one morning to wear a very care-worn and anxious look. They questioned him as to its cause, and with some reluctance he said that the night before he had seen his father lying dead in an open coffin. He noted the circumstance in his log-book, with the date. In due time a letter came announcing the death of his father at that exact date.

No one from this story could infer the actual objective appearance of the spectre; but it is difficult to refuse to the human mind in states of sleep or trance a power of clairvoyance, consisting in either the nullification of space or of time. In this case space was overleaped.

The next case I can perfectly vouch for, as an example of apparent foresight.

An English clergyman, whom I knew very intimately in Germany, lodged in the same house with a native family. On the night on which the lady of that family was confined he dreamed that the nurse came to call him in the middle of the night, requesting him to come down and christen the new-born infant, as the child was in such immediate danger that there was no time to send for the Lutheran clergyman. In the morning, however, on inquiry, the answer was that mother and child were doing well. However, in exactly fourteen days afterward the incident of the clergyman's dream actually occurred. His memory could not have deceived him, as he had mentioned the dream to his wife the next morning.

To the question whether I have ever seen a ghost? I should answer, "No;" but I know some one who has—that is to say, who fully believes that he has—seen one. Here is the story just as it was told to me:

Near the town of Weimar, in Saxony, on the right of the long alley planted with chestnuts, that leads from the town up to the summer-palace of the Grand Duke at Belvidere, there is a spot bare of trees, showing the site of some ancient building, the ruins of which have almost entirely disappeared. Near this

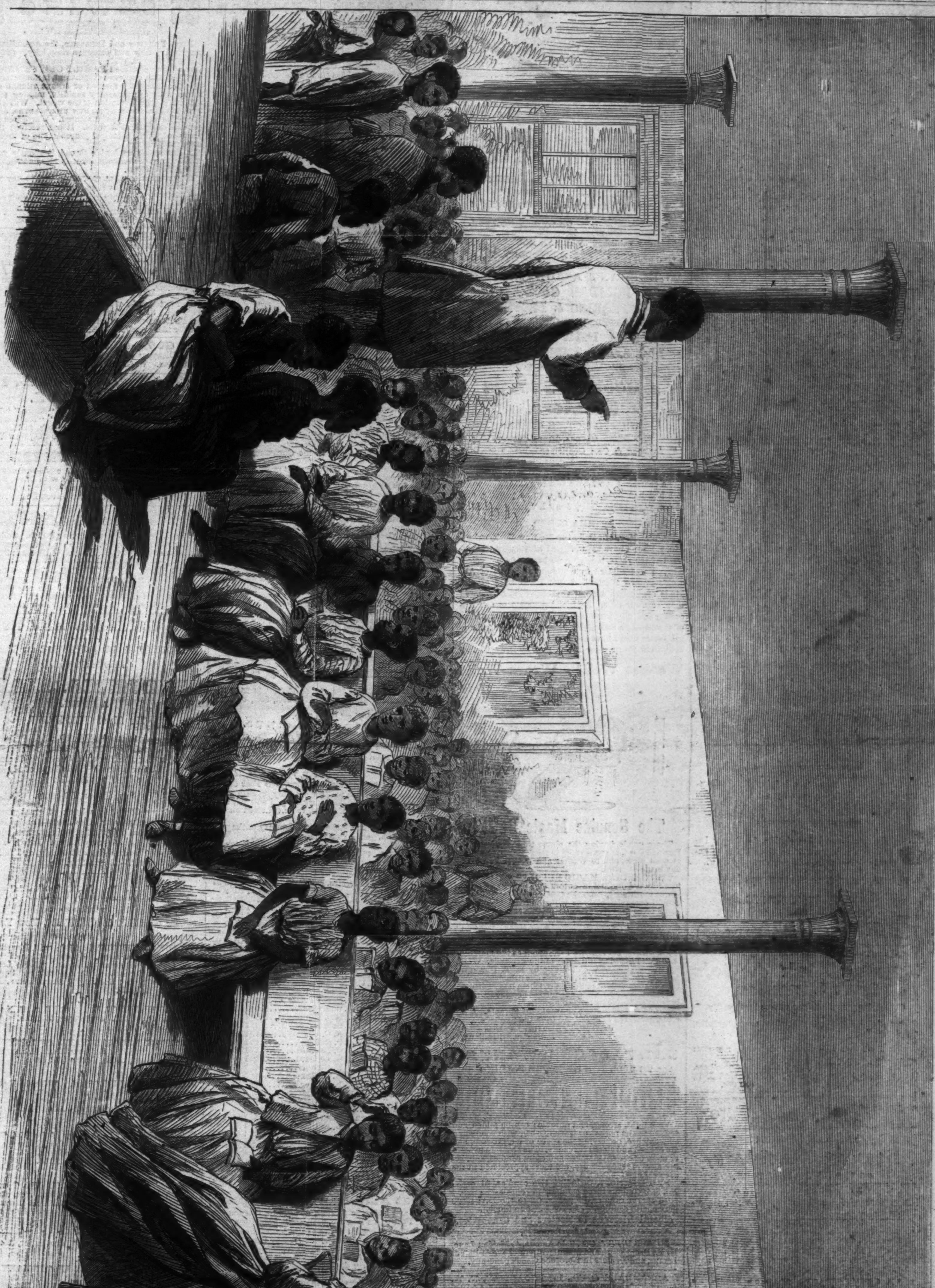
site, among the brushwood, are openings to a most extraordinary series of subterranean passages, which, it is said, have never been thoroughly explored. Some say that human bones have been found in them; others, that persons endeavoring to explore them without a clew, have become bewildered and perished of hunger. Some attribute them to human hands, and some to natural geological causes. It is only certain that they are there, and that no one is able to give any definite account of them. As to the building, whose foundations alone are visible among the bushes, it is said to have been an ancient castle belonging to some former Dukes of Saxony. Some few years ago a friend of mine, Herr H——, of Weimar, was in the habit of making frequent visits to Oberwisma, a village at the end of the park, one of the ways to which lies through the Belvidere Allée. One evening in October, after the sun was set, he was passing along this road in a thick fog, illuminated by the moon; as he passed the spot where the ancient castle formerly stood, he was aware of an appearance in the mist beside him, which he at first did not pay much attention to, as he thought it might be the reflection of his own form. After a while, however, it struck him that the image which followed his steps so closely was accompanied by the image of a dog, and he had no dog with him. This circumstance caused him to stop and look at the figure, when, to his horror, he observed that it wanted a head.

Herr H—— walked toward it, it retired; he ran from it, it followed him; he fell into his usual pace, it continued to keep step with him; he addressed it, but it did not answer. Herr H—— is a Roman Catholic. In mortal terror he mechanically made the sign of the cross. The ghost immediately vanished in the direction of the remains of the old castle.

There is an old tradition connected with the scene of this adventure, that a former Duke of Saxony caused his son to be beheaded for some fearful family crime—either the murder of his own mother, or an intrigue similar to that which forms the foundation of Lord Byron's Parisina.

At Berka, a small bathing-place among the hills, seven miles from Weimer, there is also to be seen, on a woody knoll, the site of a ruined castle, from which the Grand Duke of Weimer derives his title of Count Berka. The old people of Berka still talk of a headless apparition which used to haunt it, and which often appeared to their grandfathers.

THE PRINCESS DAGMAR OF DENMARK AND THE CZAREWITCH OF RUSSIA.—[See Page 790.]



"ZION" SCHOOL FOR COLORED CHILDREN, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—From a Sketch by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 790.]

THE STATESMAN'S LESSON.

By AUGUSTUS COMSTOCK.

Parks and houses, trees and meadows,
 Were the Statesman's own;
Yet he walked amid the shadows
 Mournful and alone.

Golden birds among his willows
 Trilled a happy strain,
And the breezes stirred to billows
 All his waving grain.

Sang the locust in the thicket
 As it saw him pass,
And the ticking of the cricket
 Sounded in the grass.

Round the clover and the daisy
 Hummed the busy bee,
While the spider, feeling lazy,
 Swung upon the tree.

But the humming and the swinging,
 And the grasses green,
With the birds and locust singing,
 Scarce were heard or seen.

For, to gentler souls enchanting,
 Nature's charms are tame
To a spirit that is panting—
 Longing for a name—

To a lion heart, like thunder,
 Beating down the bars
That would keep a spirit under,
 Soaring toward the stars!

So the Statesman, moving onward,
 Discontented—wild—
On his dreams of glory pondered,
 Till he saw a child—

Saw a crippled little Saxon,
 Merriest of girls,
With her crutches and a flaxen
 Shower of sunny curls,

Picking from the grass and mosses
 Dew-drop diadems,
Weaving into rings and crosses
 Tiny flower stems.

Spite of crutches, searching after
 Nut and faded bur,
Spite of pain, so full of laughter,
 Nature laughed with her.

Every bur gave greater pleasure
 To this little girl,
Than could winning of such treasure
 As a throne of pearl.

And the Statesman, touched and humbled
 By such simple trust,
Saw his throne of glory crumbled
 Finer than the dust;

And confessed the happy maiden,
 With her cripple pains,
Greater than the sorrow-laden
 Lord of proud domains!

"Important auxiliary to a lady's toilet."—Burnett's Toilet Sets, for Sale by all Druggists.—*Washington Chronicle.*

The Colton Dental Association, 19 Cooper Institute originated and use the nitrous oxide to extract teeth without pain, *and they certainly do it.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

D.D.&Co's NAUSEOUS MEDICINES D.D.&Co's

Taken without *Taste* or *Smell*, by using

Dundas Dick & Co.'s Soft Capsules,

Containing pure Medicines of very best quality.
Such as:

Castor oil,	Citrate of iron and quinine,
Cod-liver oil,	Oil of turpentine,
Cod-liver oil with quinine,	Norwegian tar,
Cod-liver oil with iodide of iron,	And all other nauseous medicines.

☞ Ask for Dick's Soft Capsules, and take no others. Sold by druggists generally. VICTOR E. MAUGER, 110 Reade Street, New York, Wholesale Agent.

GROVER & BAKER'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM

Sewing Machines,

495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Dr. Glover's Champion Lever Truss, Elastic Stockings, Shoulder-Braces, &c. Send for pamphlet. 11 Ann Street, New York.

SAVONINE

A CONCENTRATED SOAP for Family, Laundry, and Hotel use. Half the Soap and half the Labor, and your Clothes are Cleaner, Brighter, and Sweeter—a result magical as pleasing and satisfactory. SAVONINE will not run the most delicate color, proving it can not injure the most delicate fibre. The cost so small, the result so great, that the poorest housekeeper, when familiar with its value, will call it

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY.

Now manufactured in this country by the GLAMORGAN SOAP COMPANY.

Agency Salesroom, 70 TRINITY PLACE, New York. ☞ N.B. Sold everywhere, in boxes of 6 lbs. for $1 50.

Agents appointing. Apply with reference.

VICTORY. V. H. R.

GREAT TRIUMPH OF CHEMISTRY.—For fifty years Chemists have sought to produce an article which would SURELY BRING BACK HAIR when it had fallen out, and RESTORE ITS COLOR, and at the same time be free from all sediment and impurity; of an exquisite perfume, and a PERFECT HAIR DRESSING. This search has at last been successful, and the

VICTORY HAIR RESTORER

is incomparably the MOST PERFECT TOILET ARTICLE ever manufactured. It is no quack preparation, but the product of years of careful study and chemical experiment. It may be used with the hands as freely as water, and a single trial will remove all skepticism.

For sale by all the Druggists and the Proprietor,
B. VAN BUREN, Chemist, No. 475 Sixth Ave.

Part 59, Rebellion Record.

COMPLETING VOLUME 9.

Illustrated with fine steel portraits by Ritchie, of GEN. GEORGE REYNOLDS and GEN. JOHN NEWTON.

PRICE 60 CENTS.

This day published by D. VAN NOSTRAND, No. 192 Broadway.
*** Copies sent free by mail on receipt of price.

AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF
HOLIDAY GOODS.
F. P. PERKINS & BROTHER,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
FRENCH FANCY GOODS,
LACES, AND EMBROIDERIES,
727 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Allcock's Porous Plasters.

WHOOPING-COUGH CURED.

Cayuga, Hinds County, Miss.

T. Allcock & Co.: Gentlemen,—Please send me another six dozen of your Porous Plasters. They are in great demand here for Whooping-Cough. They act like a charm. I could have sold two dozen this week if I had had them. Send as soon as possible, and oblige, yours respectfully, John I. Williams, P. M.

ASTHMA CURED.

Mr. Wm. May, of 245 Spring St., New York, writes, Jan. 1, 1856: I have been afflicted with Asthma for upward of ten years, receiving no benefit from medical men. I was advised by a friend to try one of Allcock's Porous Plasters. I said I had tried several kinds of plasters without any benefit, and supposed they were all alike. My friend gave me one of Allcock's, and urged me to use it. I did so, and have now worn them steadily for nine months, and find myself better than I have been for many years. Agency, Brandreth House, New York. Sold by Druggists.

Washes Well! Wears Well!

TRADE MARK.

The Genuine Magic Ruffle!

These goods, having the above trade-mark on the Box and Card, are warranted to measure six full yards in each piece, and to WEAR and WASH as well as any made by hand.

THE GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLES, still manufactured by the original inventors and patentees, on superior machinery, from the best materials, and under careful supervision, have withstood the tests of *six years'* constant use, giving invariable satisfaction.

Manufactured by The Magic Ruffle Company, 95 Chambers Street, New York. Also Manufacturers of RUFFLE FLUTING IRONS. Home-made Ruffles.

RALLY BOYS, RALLY! Adopted as the marching Song of the Grand Army of the Republic. Words by Henry Hitchcock and music by E. T. Blackmer, members of the Grand Army, with fine lithographic portrait of Maj.-Gen. R. S. Foster, to whom it is dedicated.

"It is full of spirit, and destined to become immensely popular."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Mailed free of postage on receipt of 40 cents. A liberal discount to Lodges. Address the publishers,
J. A. BUTTERFIELD & CO.,
Indianapolis, Indiana,

CANVASSERS WANTED
TO SELL THE IMPROVED FOLDING
Pocket Lantern

Very light, strong, and durable; can be folded and carried in the pocket or traveling-bag with safety and convenience, occupying the space of a cigar-case, and are opened and closed as readily. They contain (whether open or closed) matches and extra candles, and, being always ready for use, are most appreciated in the greatest emergencies.

PRICES: No. 1, including two candles, $1 each; No. 3, including three candles, 75 cents each; No. 1 pure sperm candles, $1 per lb. (20 to the lb.); No. 3 pure sperm candles, $1 25 per lb. (90 to the lb.).

Liberal Discount to Dealers and Canvassers.

Send for Samples.

JULIUS IVES & CO., Sole Agents, 49 Maiden Lane, N. Y., Proprietors and Manufacturers of Ives's Patent Lamps, and Dealers in Kerosene Goods generally.

ARRANDALE & CO., 162 BROADWAY, N. Y., are offering over $1,000,000 worth of DRY GOODS in Dresses, Pants, and Coat Patterns, Balmoral Skirts, &c., together with a large assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, and FANCY GOODS, at a uniform price of ONE DOLLAR each, with very liberal terms to agents.

Send 25 cts. for a certificate, which will show you what can be obtained for ONE DOLLAR; and to those who desire it we will send our terms to agents.

New York, *October*, 1866.

A NEW WAY to make MONEY.—Send $1 for our Circular and Four Golden Envelopes, drawing articles of Value and a chance of drawing the Capital Present $30,000 in Greenbacks. MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION, 197 Broadway, New York City.

The Great American Tea Company.

Always a Wholesale Establishment.

We have many inquiries (10 to 20 letters a day) asking what discount we make to the Trade from our prices as published in the Price List. These are our *lowest wholesale prices.* We consider ourselves only a Wholesale Corporation, and we have but *one price.*

The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our fame spread far and wide; and parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, elsewhere, about a *dollar* per pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds of us at one time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply their wants in quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

Parties of small means wishing for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than *two cents per pound.*

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50.

Tinmouth, Vt., *Nov.* 18, 1866.

To the Great American Tea Company, New York City:

Gentlemen,—Please find inclosed my seventh Club Order, amounting to $134 35, which you will fill, and send to my address by Express, to be collected on delivery.

Accept my thanks for the complimentary package.
I am, gents, your obedient servant,
Judah H. Round.

P.S.—Please send a few blanks, which I will distribute. There are many that intend to get up Clubs the coming winter. J. H. R.

2 lbs.	Uncol'd Japan	Mrs. D. Clark	at	$1 25	$2 50
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	"	at	1 00	2 00
3 lbs.	Eng. Break. Cof.	"	at	30	90
1 lb.	Gunpowder	Mrs. Edgerton	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Young Hyson	"	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Imperial	Mrs. M'Knight	at	1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	Eng. Break. Cof.	J. Stafford	at	30	60
3 lbs.	Black Tea	S. Townsend	at	1 00	2 00
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	"	at	1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Uncol'd Japan	"	at	1 25	1 25
4 lbs.	Eng. Break. Cof.	"	at	30	1 20
2 lbs.	Uncol'd Japan	Elias Kelly	at	1 25	2 50
4 lbs.	Eng. Break. Cof.	Stephen Flanders	at	30	1 20
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	"	at	1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	"	David Tower	at	1 25	2 50
4 lbs.	Uncol'd Japan	Wm. Croff	at	1 25	5 00
4 lbs.	Young Hyson	Mrs. Thompson	at	1 25	5 00
2 lbs.	"	Bela Edgerton	at	1 25	2 50
4 lbs.	"	A. C. Cramton	at	1 25	5 00
1 lb.	"	P. Dolong	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb.	"	C. Leonard	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb.	"	G. Leonard	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb.	"	T. Nichols	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb.	"	N. P. Baxter	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Imperial	W. Potter	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Young Hyson	N. Round	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb.	"	R. E. Caswell	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Imperial	"	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Uncol'd Japan	John Wiley	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Old Hyson	B. R. Clark	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Young Hyson	"	at	1 25	1 25

And 33 other parties, amounting in all to..$134 35

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church.
Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at No. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

Parties looking for our store will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street.* This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.

Every person should know How to Detect Counterfeits. Sent postpaid on receipt of 25c. Address C. W. Tyson, Bookseller, cor. 9th St. and 6th Av., N.Y.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES

For Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 10 cts. Adams Press Company, 26 Ann St., New York, and 35 Lincoln St., Boston.

$5 SEWING MACHINE. $5

First Premium and Improved, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May 13, 1862; Improvement patented June 9, 1863.* The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with crimping attachment, is noiseless in operation, sews with double or single thread of all kinds with extraordinary rapidity, making sixteen stitches to each evolution of the wheel. Will gather, hem, ruffle, shirr, tuck, run up breadths, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has received the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have used it.

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing.—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, all complete, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Address all orders, FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

PERRY'S FAMILY OINTMENT.

The greatest medical Discovery ever offered; sells faster, and cures all cases of Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Sores, Gathered Breasts, Piles, Chilblains, Rheumatism, Corns, &c. Every body should get it. Price 25 cents. Liberal terms to Agents, Druggists, and Country Dealers. Depot, 157 Chatham Street, New York.

100 Photographs of Union Generals sent postpaid for 25c.; 50 Photographs of Rebel Officers for 25c.; 100 Photographs of Female Beauties for 25c.; 100 Actors for 25c. Address C. SEYMOUR, Holland, N. Y.

A GOOD AND AMUSING TRICK.

The Disappearing Picture. Price 25c. Ag'ts supplied, $2 per doz. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y.

Marion Harland's New Novel is now Ready!

SUNNYBANK.

By Marion Harland, Author of "Alone," "Hidden Path," "Moss Side," "Nemesis," "Husbands and Homes," &c., &c. 1 vol., 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.
SHELDON & CO., New York.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

CHEAPEST AND BEST. Price of Presses, $10, $16, $23, and $30. Price of an Office, with Press, $15, $28, $40, $48, and $70. Send for a circular to the LOWE PRESS COMPANY, 23 Water Street, Boston.

AGENTS WANTED

To sell Brown's Glass Cleaning Polish. Sells every where, city and country. Large profits to Agents. Particulars sent free. C. M. Brown, 74 Bleecker St., N. Y.

THE BOOK OF WONDERS.—Contains information of importance to all, old and young, male and female, married and single. No one should be without it. Sent postpaid, on receipt of 25 cents, by O. A. Roorbach, 122 Nassau Street, New York.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S NEW NOVEL.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,
Have just Published:

MADONNA MARY.

A NOVEL.

By Mrs. OLIPHANT,

AUTHOR OF

"The Life of Edward Irving," "Miss Marjoribanks," "Agnes," "The Perpetual Curate," "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Days of My Life," &c., &c.

8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

"Madonna Mary" is a book of great power and beauty—a perfect work of its kind.—*London Post.*

In "Madonna Mary" Mrs. Oliphant has added another to her many literary laurels. It is a story told with exquisite simplicity and beauty, and full of the deepest interest.—*London Star.*

The New Books of the Season

PUBLISHED

By HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

1.

READING WITHOUT TEARS; or, A Pleasant Mode of Learning to Read. By the Author of "Streaks of Light," "More about Jesus," "Lines Left Out," &c. Part Second. With Engravings. Square 4to. Uniform with "Reading Without Tears, Part I." Cloth, gilt, $1 25.

2.

THE BEAUCLERCS, Father and Son. A Novel. By Charles Clarke. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

3.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF DISTINGUISHED GENERALS. By William F. G. Shanks. Portraits. 12mo, Cloth, Beveled, $2 00.

4.

SIR BROOK FOSSBROOKE. A Novel. By Charles Lever, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Tony Butler," "Barrington," "Maurice Tiernay," "The Dodd Family Abroad," "Roland Cashel," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

5.

THE SANCTUARY: A Story of the Civil War. By Brevet Lieut.-Col. George Ward Nichols, Author of "The Story of the Great March." With Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, Beveled, $2 00.

6.

BOTTS'S GREAT REBELLION. The Great Rebellion: Its Secret History, Rise, Progress, and Disastrous Failure. By Hon. John Minor Botts. 12mo, Cloth, Beveled, $2 50.

7.

KISSING THE ROD. A Novel. By Edmund Yates, Author of "Black Sheep." 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

8.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY IN GERMANY. By J. Ross Browne, Author of "Yusef," "Crusoe's Island," "Land of Thor," &c. With Illustrations by the Author. 12mo, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $2 00.

9.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH. A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell, Author of "Maxwell Drewitt," "Phemie Keller," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send any of the above Works by Mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the Price.*

☞ Harper's Catalogue *and* Trade-List *may be had gratuitously on application to the Publishers personally, or sent by mail on receipt of Five Cents.*

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

COMPOSED OF

IODIDE POTASSIUM,

With the Compound Concentrated Fluid Extract of Valuable Medicinal Roots and Herbs.

PREPARED BY

WILLIAM H. GREGG, M.D.,

Graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, formerly Assistant Physician in the Blackwell's Island Hospitals, late Medical Inspector of the New York State Volunteer Depots, under Governor Edwin D. Morgan.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

HAS PRODUCED

A REVOLUTION IN MEDICINE.

What may seem almost incredible is that many diseases hitherto considered hopelessly incurable are frequently cured in a few days or weeks; and we cheerfully invite the investigations of the liberal minded and scientific to cures which have no parallel at the present day.

During the past five years we have contended with obstacles, and overcome opposition, as herculean as were ever encountered by any reformers.

RAPIDITY OF CURE.

Some say, "Your cures are too quick," while others doubt their permanence, and think that diseases can only be cured by the "slow, recuperative process of Nature."

This is our reply: "In health, the body, like a well-balanced scale, is in a state of Equilibrium. But when, from any cause, down goes one side of the scale, we have the effects of disease. What is requisite is to restore the normal balance of the scale.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Is a positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD and for all (hereditary) diseases transmitted from parent to child.

PARALYSIS.

It is so universally admitted that CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP is the only effective means of restoration in the various forms of Paralysis, that we need not reiterate that it is emphatically the great life-giving power.

DYSPEPSIA.

Indigestion, Weight at Stomach, Flatulence, Liver Complaint, Want of Appetite, Bad Breath, Constipation, Biliousness.

SCROFULA.

Struma, King's Evil, Glandular Swellings, Erysipelas, Ulceration, Salt Rheum.

This taint (hereditary and acquired), filling life with untold misery, is, by all usual medical remedies, incurable.

RHEUMATISM.

[Arthritis], Lumbago, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Gout, Tic Doloureaux.

If there is any disease in which the Constitution Life Syrup is a sovereign, it is in Rheumatism and its kindred affections. The most intense pains are almost instantly alleviated—enormous swellings are reduced. Cases, chronic or vicarious, of twenty or thirty years' standing, have been cured by us.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Purges the system entirely from all the evil effects of mercury, removing the bad breath and curing the weak joints and rheumatic pains which the use of calomel is sure to produce. It hardens spongy gums, and secures the teeth as firmly as ever.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Eradicates, root and branch, all eruptive diseases of the skin, like

ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,

And all other difficulties of this kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

FOR ALL FORMS OF ULCERATIVE DISEASES,

Either of the nose, throat, tongue, spine, forehead, or scalp, no remedy has ever proved its equal.

Moth patches upon the female face, depending upon a diseased action of the liver, are very unpleasant to the young wife and mother. A few bottles of Constitution Life Syrup will correct the secretion, and remove the deposit, which is directly under the skin.

Diseases of the liver, giving rise to languor, dizziness, indigestion, weak stomach, or an ulcerated or cancerous condition of that organ, accompanied with burning or other unpleasant symptoms, will be relieved by the use of

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP.

As a general blood-purifying agent, the Life Syrup stands unrivaled by any preparation in the world.

THE RICH AND POOR

Are liable to the same diseases. Nature and science have made the Constitution Life Syrup for the benefit of all.

PURE BLOOD

Produces healthy men and women; and if the Constitution is neglected in youth, disease and early death is the result. Do not delay when the means are so near at hand, and within the reach of all.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Is the poor man's friend and the rich man's blessing.

BUY IT, TAKE IT, AND BE CURED.

WILLIAM H. GREGG, M.D.,
Sole Proprietor,
New York.

SOLD BY EVERY DEALER IN MEDICINE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

MORGAN & ALLEN,
Wholesale Druggists, Agents,
No. 46 Cliff Street, New York.

SOLD WHOLESALE BY

JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY, & COWDEN, Philadelphia, Pa.
GEORGE C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, Mass.
FULLER, FINCH & FULLER, Chicago, Ill.
JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio.
COLLINS, BROTHERS, St. Louis, Mo.

REMEMBER THE LITTLE ONES;

THE DESTITUTE AND ORPHAN CHILDREN OF OUR *COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS.*

GRAND CHARITABLE FAIR

AND

PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

IN AID OF THE

HOME AND SCHOOL

FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF

The Destitute Children

OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

This Home and School was chartered in the year 1862 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are received from all the States in the Union: its sphere of usefulness is constantly increasing, the children now numbering over 120; and daily are the requests for the shelter and care of equally deserving ones *denied*, solely for want of room to accommodate them. The old and unsuitable building (on Fifty-eighth Street, New York), now occupied, must be removed for the erection of such a Home as necessity demands; and this call is made upon the public with a firm belief that the Patriotism and Generosity of the American People will nobly respond to the wants of the Little Ones, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this Fair and Festival, which shall stand in the cause of humanity as a fitting rebuke to the trite assertion that "Republics are Ungrateful," and which shall, in affording an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

New York, *October* 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for *all* needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

Mrs. General Ulysses S. Grant, President.
Mrs. Chas. P. Daly, Acting President.
Mrs. Major-Gen. J. C. Fremont, 1st Vice-President.
Mrs. Robert Forster, 2d Vice-President.
Mrs. John S. Voorhies, Treasurer.
Mrs. David Hoyt, Secretary.
Mrs. Wm. S. Hillyer, Corresponding Secretary.
Mrs. Hervey G. Law, Manager.
Mrs. J. J. Van Dalsem, Manager.
Mrs. W. Germond.
Mrs. James Gillies.
Mrs. C. Mailler.
Mrs. Wm. Mailler.
Mrs. Henry Batjer.

New York, *October* 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General Van Vliet.
Major-General Francis C. Barlow.
Brigadier-General John Cochrane.
Brigadier-General William Hall.
Brigadier-General Rush C. Hawkins.
Brevet Brigadier-General James F. Hall.
Judge Chas. P. Daly, Ch'n of Committee.
Jno. H. White.
G. P. B. Hoyt.
J. H. Puleston.

The following card will be fully appreciated by the public, as it receives the thanks of the Institution:

"To the Managing Directors of the Festival:—Sympathizing with your object, I take pleasure in tendering you, gratuitously, my professional services on the occasion of your Festival. Theodore Thomas."

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK,

Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

$100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

1 *Present in United States Greenbacks*	$10,000
1 Splendid Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City	12,000
1 corner House and Lot, Jamaica Avenue, East New York	4,000
1 House and Lot adjoining above	3,000
1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.	3,000
1 Carriage, Horses, and Harness (complete)	2,500
1 Grand Piano (Steinway's)	1,500
3 Lots in Harlem, City of New York, $1500 each	4,500
1 Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, and Pin)	1,000
1 Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for	5,000
1 "Ellis's Patent Hot-Water Apparatus" for Heating Dwellings	1,000
1 Oil Painting of General U. S. Grant	250
15 Gents' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $200	3,000
15 Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $125	1,875
1 Elegant 1st Premium "Empire" Sewing Machine	150
20 Silver-plated Tea Sets, @ $75	1,500
100 Celebrated "Empire" Sewing Machines, now on exhibition at their Warerooms, 616 Broadway	7,500
1000 Copies (2 vols each), being a complete Illustrated History of the War	7,000
250 Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sleeve Buttons, @ $6	1,500
500 Table and Tea Spoons and Napkin Rings, @ $5	2,500
1000 Call Bells and Plated Fruit Knives, @ $3	3,000
The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Sets of Cooper's, Lossing's, Bancroft's, and Irving's Works, and those of other Eminent Authors; Musical Instruments, Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Fob Chains, Ladies' Gold Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Black Walnut Picture Frames, Gentlemens' Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Emblem Cards for Parlor Amusement, Engravings and Card Photographs of Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to	24,225
Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at	$100,000

THEODORE THOMAS, Esq.,

The talented Musical Director, promises a most delightful treat in the Orchestral and Vocal Exercises for the occasion, no less than forty performers being already engaged, and nothing will be spared to make this the finest Musical Festival ever given in the United States.

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

The tickets will be supplied to all Booksellers, Druggists, Music Dealers, Hotel Keepers, &c., where they can be obtained at $1 00 each, or in quantities at the Club Rates.—Subscription Lists are now ready for Soldiers and others (male and female) who sympathize with our object, to obtain orders for the Tickets. Circulars giving full directions and terms to Agents will be mailed on recept of stamp for postage.

Orders may be sent direct to us inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, in a *registered letter at our risk*, with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following

CLUB RATES:

5 Tickets to one address	$4 50	40 Tickets to one address	$35 00
10 Tickets to one address	9 00	50 Tickets to one address	43 50
20 Tickets to one address	17 50	100 Tickets to one address	85 00
30 Tickets to one address	26 25		

Address all orders and communications to

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, or to
N. H. DAVIS, Agent for the Home and School,
616 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

Contributions and Donations for the Fair will be received and gratefully acknowledged at our office, 616 Broadway.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, 616 Broadway, New York.

Holiday Presents.

THE COSMOPOLITAN

JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION,

Capital, $2,500,000.

Great One-Price Gold Sale.

SELL NO BRASS OR SO-CALLED PLATED JEWELRY.

WARRANT ALL JEWELRY GOLD, OR NO SALE.

Let it be distinctly understood that this is emphatically a GOLD SALE, by an association of manufacturers, on a one-price average system, and that not a single article of brass or plated jewelry is included in the whole immense stock.

Pianos, Gold and Silver Watches, Diamond Rings, Sets of Rich Silverware, Fine Gold Jewelry, Photograph Albums, &c., &c.,

All to be sold for two dollars each, an average price of one-fifth the usual cost, and not to be paid for until you know what you will receive,

Insuring Ten Dollars Worth for $2.

☞ The Proof—We guarantee to send any customer, in exchange for the least article they may get for $2, *a splendid richly-chased or engraved silver Butter-Dish or Castor, fine plate, valued at* $10, *or a beautiful 50-picture Morocco Photograph Album, valued at* $6; and you have a possibility of getting a

Fine Gold Watch or Piano.

Send 25 cents for the Golden Envelope, containing valuable receipts and songs; and one of the sealed Certificates, which are well mixed and taken out regardless of choice, will be sent, which will inform you what you can get for $2, from a Butter-Dish or Castor, worth $10, to a Watch or Grand Piano, worth $1000.

2 for 50 cents, with a beautiful Photograph.	
5 for $1 00, with a Silver Nut Pick, worth	$1 00
11 for $2 00, with a Silver Napkin Ring, worth	2 00
17 for $3 00, with a Silver Fruit Knife, worth	3 00
30 for $5 00, with a Gold Pen, Ext. Case, worth	6 00
65 for $10 00, with a Gold Double Locket, worth	12 00
100 for $15 00, with a Fine Silver Watch, worth	18 00
200 for $30 00, with a Silver Hunt. Watch, worth	40 00

In all cases, upon receipt of money, the premiums as above will be sent with the envelopes. Also will be sent our circular, containing list of articles and full particulars; also terms to Agents, to whom great inducements are offered. Address

CALKINS & CO., 126 Nassau St., N. Y.

"A BEAUTIFUL FACE."—If you would know how to become "good looking" and to "look good," read "NEW PHYSIOGNOMY." If you would know how to "read character at a glance," get NEW PHYSIOGNOMY, with 1000 illustrations, showing all the "SIGNS OF CHARACTER." A splendid work for the Centre-Table, and just the thing for a Holiday Present. Prices, $5, $8, and $10, postpaid, by FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

"One thing we affirm: a man who can not find amusement and instruction in Mr. Wells's book must have a very stupid face indeed."—*N. Y. Tribune.* "Mr. Wells has put the thought, the practical experience, the close observation, and the professional collection of a lifetime into this important physiological work."—*Philadelphia Press.* "Take such a volume as this, and every one must acknowledge that Physiognomy opens a wide field for interesting investigation."—*N. Y. Daily Times.* "Mr. Wells's new work covers the whole ground more thoroughly than any book before issued."—*Field and Fireside.* "New Physiognomy is a work of science, art, and literature, whose purity of tone will commend it to all classes of readers."—*Wide World.* "Mr. Wells has gone far beyond previous Physiognomists."—*Christian Guardian.* "It is by far the best work ever written on the subject."—*Christian Inquirer.*

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, PENS, BRACELETS, CASTORS, GOBLETS, SPOONS, FORKS, NAPKIN RINGS, &c., &c.,

Worth $500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every town and county. J. H. WINSLOW, & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

"FLYING BIRD,"

Characteristic piano piece by Jasienski	50c.
L'Africane Waltzes, by Godfrey	50c.
Nine Pins Quadrille, with figures	50c.
I have Heard Sweet Music	violin, 15c.; piano, 30c.
Nellie's Gone Forever	violin, 15c.; piano, 30c.

Mailed postpaid. FRED'K BLUME,
208 Bowery, N. Y.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER, 1866.

Terms for 1867.

One Copy for One Year $4 00

An Extra Copy gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly, together, one year, $8 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited Number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page	$250 00
Half Page	125 00
Quarter Page	70 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average, eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Terms for 1867:

One Copy for One Year	$4 00
One Copy for Three Months	1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

The Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding	$7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco	10 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

Terms to Advertisers.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.